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REVIEWS.

TWO OF DRAKE'S CAMPAIGNS.

The Spanish War, 1585-1587. Edited by Julian S. Corbett, LL.M. (Printed for the Navy Records Society, 1898.)

THE latest publication of the admirable Navy Records Society is a batch of papers relating to a couple of very interesting episodes in the maritime history of the sixteenth century. Drake's two expeditions against the coasts and colonial possessions of Spain, in the years immediately preceding the sailing of the Armada, have only recently been regarded in their proper perspective. The singeing of the King of Spain's beard, by the brilliant dash at Cadiz in 1587, has been commonly represented as a sort of piratical raid of a meritorious character, intended mainly to annoy and irritate the Spaniards, and to inspire them with a due respect for the skill and daring of the English seamen. It is only since naval strategy has been seriously studied by modern historians that the real aim and justification of this enterprise have been apparent. Drake, with his marvellous and intuitive grasp of the true principles of maritime warfare, had objects much more serious than those of merely inflicting a large amount of purposeless destruction and loss upon the enemy. He desired to cripple the arms of Philip in the preparation of the fleet and army destined for the invasion of Britain, to render the junction of the various squadrons of the Armada difficult, if not impossible; to hamper the Spanish mobilisation, and to delay the concentration of the land and sea forces of the Armada long enough to enable Elizabeth and her counsellors to put the defences of England into a more adequate condition of efficiency. In point of fact, the attack upon Cadiz and the destruction of Spanish ships under the very guns of the fortress, which impressed Drake's contemporaries by its superb audacity, was only an incident in the scheme of operations. The essence of the project was the seizure of Cape St. Vincent by the English squadron. From that most valuable point d'appui the English com-

mander could threaten, distract, and divide the forces of his enemies, leave them in constant uncertainty as to his movements, and send them continually skurrying about the seas in search of him, instead of attending to their own business of making ready the great invading armament and getting the widely scattered military contingents aboard the ships.

Drake's position on the inside line of the Spanish maritime communications gave him the choice of attacking where he pleased, of menacing the hostile fleets in detail, and of engaging the utmost efforts of the Spanish admirals in a futile attempt to watch him. They never knew when or whether he might not turn his ships towards Cadiz or the Azores, the "Indies" or the Tagus. The result was that when at length Santa Cruz put to sea, in order to save the gold fleet from Drake's attack at the Azores, Drake was already safely back at Plymouth, with the great carrack, *San Felipe*, the King of Spain's own East Indiaman, in his possession. If the Spaniards of our day had read their own naval and military history properly, they could have learnt a lesson which might have been of considerable value to them during the past few months. Drake's operations showed how much can be done by a comparatively small squadron, handled with judgment and good seamanship, to impede the mobilisation of fleets far superior in all the apparent elements of strength. The English admiral did not, indeed, prevent the eventual assembly and departure of the Armada; but he gave the English Government a breathing space, and he so crippled Philip's resources that the great fleet, when it did sail, was far less formidable than it might otherwise have been.

In Mr. Julian Corbett's lucidly written and careful Introduction the lessons of this campaign, which, he says, may be regarded as founding an epoch in our naval history, are thus summed up:

"First, we have the birth of a sound and intelligent strategy as distinguished from the crude cross-raiding of the Middle Ages; secondly, we have the final demonstration of the superiority of the sailing warship to the time-honoured galley, even on its own ground; and, thirdly, the commencement of real naval discipline, and the institution of the naval court-martial."

The second point is another of the interesting analogies between the conditions of naval warfare in the past and the present. The galley bore to the sailing ship much the same relation that the floating battery or coast-defence ironclad does to the sea-going battleship. In smooth water and in land-locked harbours the galley was supposed to have a formidable advantage; but the superior gunnery, the loftier gun-platforms, and the better handling of the northern vessels told decisively. "We have now," said Drake, "tried by experience the galleys' fight, and I assure you that these, Her Majesty's four ships, will make no account of twenty of them." And this, although at Cadiz, the galleys fought under exceptionally favourable circumstances, with the guns of the shore batteries to support them, and the English squadron "riding in a narrow

gut," and with scarcely room enough to manoeuvre. But the smooth-water fighting machine, which can only be used near land—whether it take the form of galley, fire-ship, or, we may add, torpedo boat—has never been held in much respect by British sailors, whose belief is fixed to the ship of war that can go to sea, and keep the sea, in all weathers.

The third point noticed by Mr. Corbett—the commencement of modern naval discipline—is elucidated in some of the papers published in this volume. Drake, who was not always quite happy in his relations with his lieutenants, came near to repeating in his Cadiz campaign the tragedy of his voyage of circumnavigation. His Vice-Admiral, William Borough, like Thomas Doughty, was accused by him of insubordination, and was placed under arrest aboard his own ship, the *Lion*. Before the squadron reached the Azores, the *Lion's* crew mutinied and insisted on taking the ship home. Drake, who believed that Borough was at the bottom of this desertion, empanelled a jury on board the fleet, and got Borough and all the superior officers of the *Lion* sentenced to death. It would have gone hard with them if they had fallen into the hands of the fiery little Admiral outside the Queen's dominions. As a matter of fact, they got safe home, and Borough obtained the opportunity of justifying himself in a series of documents now published for the first time. The authors of Mr. Laird Clowes's *Naval History* say that the justice of Drake's charges against Borough cannot be discussed, as the vice-admiral's formal reply is not on record; but it has been preserved in the Lansdowne MSS., and is given in this volume. The whole episode shows, as Mr. Corbett judiciously observes, that both parties to the quarrel had something to say for the view they took. Borough was a representative of the old slow-going school of tactics, as well as the old idea that naval discipline did not require the absolute, unquestioning obedience of the subordinate to the superior officer. By the traditions of the service the admiral did not take any important step without consulting a council of war. Even as late as the middle of the next century, when Monk was left in sole command of the fleet by Deane's death, he assured his council of war that its decisions should be as binding upon him as an Act of Parliament:

"Discipline," says Mr. Corbett, "amongst officers was very lax in the sixteenth century, and the most important function of a commander-in-chief was, by the authority of his high rank, to maintain order among them and make them act together. He may almost be regarded as little more than the president of the council of war, and chief executive officer of the oligarchy of senior officers."

Drake, who knew that "a council of war never fights," and who would probably have completely accepted Macaulay's assertion that an army may sometimes be successfully commanded by a fool or a coward, but not by a debating society, treated his councils with scant respect, and barely paid them the compliment of communicating his decision to them. This perfunctory method of proceed-

ing wounded a steady-going old officer like Borough, as much as Drake's daring strategy alarmed and disturbed him. But though Drake did not succeed in getting Borough punished (in fact, the vice-admiral, who was a very meritorious officer, got a command in the great campaign against the Armada) he had established the doctrine on which the efficiency of the Navy largely depends. The council of war, as we have just seen, continued to make itself felt; but, from Drake's time onwards, the autocratic authority of the admiral over the fleet, or the captain over his ship, was generally accepted, and it became the custom to insert special judicial powers in the commissions of commanding officers, to enable them to try and punish insubordination among their inferiors. The precedents laid down by Drake in the case of Doughty, and afterwards in that of Borough, henceforth became part of the regular practice of the English service. In this, as in so much else, the valiant little Devon sailor was an innovator who has left a permanent impress upon our naval organisation and development.

The papers published by Mr. Corbett are chiefly of a very business-like character; and though they are of extreme value from the fresh light they throw upon the administration, equipment, and management of our Elizabethan marine, they are poorer in personal details than most documents of the period. Here and there a characteristic touch comes out in Drake's own despatches:

"There was never heard of so great a preparation as the King of Spain hath and doth continually prepare for invasion, yet no doubt but this which God hath suffered us to perform will breed great alteration. Cease not to pray continually, and provide strongly to defend to prevent the worst."

The last sentence is an Elizabethan version of "Put your trust in God and keep your powder dry," and is typical of that combination of devotional enthusiasm and practical judgment in which Drake, as in much else, anticipated Cromwell.

A LITTLE FLEET OF SONG.

FIRST ARTICLE.

In the following columns we have dealt with nearly every little vessel of song that has found harbourage with us during the past month or so. From each cargo we have extracted one specimen, sometimes more. And even as we write others are sailing in and sailing in.

The Shadow of Love. Margaret Armour. (Duckworth & Co.)

Most notable of this little company of singers is Miss Armour. A year or so ago this lady gave us *Thames Sonnets and Semblances*; she now offers something more personal. The temperament revealed by these quiet, restrained lyrics is interesting and valuable for its sympathy and refinement. Miss Armour sees clearly and thinks well, and is ever alert for beauty. Her

poems have a sweet gravity, and are graced by delicate literary skill. We quote "The Footfall":

"There was a merry step within the garden,
When I was little, and the world was new,
I never dreamed that it was Time, the warden,
And that it was for him the roses grew,
And pausies blue.

Now, on the common road, with tramp of thunder,
A foot I hear that does not turn or stay,
And, after it, the tumult and the wonder
Of hurrying folk that throng, by night and day,
The crowded way.

Soon I shall reach an ample inn and olden,
And lie at ease upon a quiet bed,
No foot shall echo in the court withholden,
And Time shall steal away with soundless tread
When I am dead."

With this little book Miss Armour takes her place among women poets who deserve a hearing. Her illustrator, Mr. MacDougall, is not pleasing.

A Ballad of Charity, and Other Poems. By Gerald Wallace. (David Douglas.)

MR. WALLACE has kindly, wholesome thoughts, and some felicity in expressing them. He, too, is grave, but he has not Miss Armour's eye for the inner life. Here is one of Mr. Wallace's quatrains:

"Our Faith is like a wandering sailor boy,
Who looks far off across the turbulent main
Towards his own dear country, and straight-way
He is in spirit in his father's home."

The simile is happily and poetically framed. Here is another tiny presentation of an idea:

"Primroses in a city lane;
A gentle wind their fragrance brings;
And memory straightway conjures up
The breath of many Springs:
The flowers, the fields, the laughing brooks,
And flutterings of wings."

Elsewhere Mr. Wallace writes at greater length, and always with care and to some purpose. A gentle poet, we can recommend him to old-fashioned folk as a pleasant companion endowed both with music and sense.

Verses. By B. E. Baughan. (Constable & Co.)

MR. BAUGHAN is another serious, reflective poet who has pleasant and righteous thoughts. Had he been more vigilant to polish his verse it would be better; often and often we have noted instances where the arrangement of words might be altered with advantage and weaknesses made strong. Here is a brief poem:

"CHURCH."

The people bent above their books,
And sweetly pray'd the priest,
My heart stay'd frozen by their fire,
And fasted at their feast.

But where the lonely breezes blow
Above the lonely sod,
Where mountain-heads are hid in mist,
My head was hid with God."

The little series of simple songs called

"Cottage Days" has a sweet lyrical freshness. One begins thus:

"The sun rushes in at my lattice,
And kisses the white walls gold;
Into my heart he rushes,
And kisses away the cold."

And here are stanzas from another:

"My room has bare white walls—
So, if a daffodil
Is yellow, in my room
She shows quite yellow still.
To give each thought full scope,
And every fact its due,
Perhaps the mind of man
Should go uncolour'd too."

A clean and healthy book, which might, however, be a little smaller to some purpose.

More Law Lyrics. By Robert Bird. (Blackwood & Sons.)

MR. BIRD'S first collection of *Law Lyrics* yielded amusement among both lawyers and clients. And this promises to be as successful. The following lines figure as preamble:

"And now let me draw,
Like lovely red coral,
From oceans of law,
This beautiful moral:
Never you be
Red-hot for a plea,
Sit back, keep cool,
Your judgment to titivate,
And then, as a rule,
You'll see cause to mitigate
Your ardour for rackets,
And dusting of jackets,
And, if you've a doubt,
Be wise, and back out;
Spill barrels of ink, but don't litigate."

None the less, although litigation is discouraged, litigation has its good points: did it not produce the little book before us, and other books of its kind, such as Sir Frederick Pollock's *Leading Cases*? Mr. Bird adds to the growing store of songs of the links, and here is a stanza from a topical poem:

"Your hand, Uncle Sam!
'Tis true, we've had words,
But slit be the tongue
That first talks of swords.
Let's draw up a bond
'Tween nation and nation,
To square all disputes
By fair arbitration."

A genial little book.

Where Beauty Is, and Other Poems. By Henry Johnson. (Brunswick, Maine: Stevens.)

MR. JOHNSON is an American, with a mind earnestly vigilant for noble impressions. Scenery, architecture, painting, poetry—Mr. Johnson is wrought upon by all, and able, in some degree, to express his consequent emotions in words. He is, however, observer and appreciator rather than teacher; but there is thought, none the less, in these pages. We take the following poem from a sequence entitled "Art":

"SHAKESPEARE."

I looked adown the ages through the eyes
Of Abraham as, gazing o'er the plain,
He saw unbroken the ever-lengthening chain
Of faithful followers touch at last the skies.

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THE ACADEMY.

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I throbbed in Homer's quicker heaving breast
As to his faithfully recording tongue
A beauty grander than had e'er been sung
Came flowing with my eager soul's unrest.

I ruled the conquered world by Caesar's hand,
And bowed all peoples to obey my law;
My faithful minister grown master saw
My secret and we fettered every land.

I shone in Beatrice's gentle gaze,
Seeming but love to Dante's tender youth,
Till to his faithful heart I gleamed as truth,
And drew him to my source in heaven's rays.

I loved thee most of all the sons of men,
My Shakespeare, ever faithful lover mine.
What ecstasy I knew with thee to shine
Like whole world through, and rest, to love again."

Mr. Johnson's volume is the work of a sensitive, cultured, critical mind.

Persephone, and Other Poems. By Charles Camp Tarelli. (Macmillan & Co.)

To come to Mr. Tarelli's book is to step backwards into time. For it is a reminder of the days, now passed away, when every rhymester tried his hand in French forms, in ballade and rondeau, virelai and pantoum, villanelle and triolet. Mr. Tarelli is still entirely given over to these exotic measures. Here, for example, is a "Lay or Rondeau in the Manner of Master François Villon" (how antiquated it sounds!):

"Roses about the arbour twined,
Fragrant and red, that climb and creep,
And smiling through the trellis peep,
And slightly rustle in the wind;
Ye bring my gentle love to mind,
Whose eyes are soft, and blue, and deep,
Roses!"

I go her folded bower to find,
To wake her from her summer sleep,
Her clinging hand in mine to keep,
And round her blushing brows to bind
Roses."

Hexameters you will also find here, and irregular unrhymed verse in the manner now of Arnold, now of Whitman; and once Mr. Tarelli essays the FitzGerald stanza and incidentally therein gives his opinion of a respectable thoroughfare:

"In Fleet-street once did I the Gleam behold—
Fleet-street, where pressmen toil for little gold,
Where is not heard the coo of Venus' doves,
Nor love is known save what is bought and sold."

We did not know that Fleet-street was like that. Altogether, Mr. Tarelli's experiments are interesting, but their belatedness is certainly an impediment to our pleasure.

Love-Songs and Elegies. By Manmohan Ghose. (Elkin Mathews.)

Mr. GHOSE, who is, we believe, an Oriental, possesses an Oriental's lusciousness of diction. His imagination is highly coloured, and he clothes all his thoughts in flowing draperies. That he is a poet is beyond all question, but the difficulty of employing an alien language debars him from driving that fact home as otherwise he might. The little book (one of Mr. Mathews's Shilling

Garland) is, in its expression of passion, fascinatingly un-English. Here is a specimen:

"Above her, hushed, the green, sweet darkness thrills:
Cool waters in her ear come freshening;
Unclouding, like a moon, Irene feels
The fearless glory to be simply she."

All that the sun, impassioned, leaps to kiss
She gravely gives; and to the light complete,
Stands lovely, with no shame to tinge her
bliss.
Eve in her Paradise was not so sweet.
What charm now, sister in simplicity
To noble flowers, with shame's false tyranny
done,
Glorying in her sweet humanity
With grass, earth, air and sunlight to be one!
Glowing she stands in the pure face of heaven,
In marriage with enchanted Nature given!"

Mr. GHOSE, it seems to us, might do something very interesting in the way of a description of India: its call to its exiled children, its beauty and wonder.

Poems. By Robert Loveman. (Lippincott Co.)

MR. LOVEMAN has the American fancy for brevity in verse. Four lines are his usual measure wherein to express thoughts which if not profound are often happy and not too obvious. Thus, in this way he touches off March:

"Whither doth now this fellow flee
With outstretched arms at such mad pace?
Can the young rascal thinking be
To catch a glimpse of April's face?"

and in this April:

"Maiden, thy cheeks with tears are wet,
And ruefully thine eyebrows arch;
Is't as they say, thou thinkest yet
Of that inconstant madcap March?"

Pretty, are they not? Here is a longer effort, a love song to Josephine:

"There was a France, there was a queen,
There was another Josephine,
Whose gentle love and tender art
Subdued Napoleon's soldier heart.

But she of France was ne'er, I ween,
Fairer than thou, my Josephine;
To storm thy heart I'll boldly plan.
God! if I were the Corsican!"

The Chords of Life. By Charles H. Crandall. (Author: Springdale, Conn.)

MR. CRANDALL is also American. He has the fluency (or a lack of self-criticism) denied to Mr. Loveman: hence the quantity of verse in this volume. Yet, although commonplace, Mr. Crandall's output is not pathetic nor is it unpleasing. He has a contented, sensible mind, which is pleased to find an outlet in verse. Many varieties of poem are attempted in these pages: let us choose this sonnet on Miss Mary Anderson for quotation:

"Millions of men have said: 'Her face is fair,'
And so say travellers, sailing down a stream,
Of some grand palace, lovely as a dream,
Set on the shore, outlined against the air.
But little do such far-off gazers share
The mansion's beauty, catching not a gleam
Of that interior charm that makes it seem,
To those who know it, rich beyond compare."

Yes, thou art fair, but they have higher praise
Who thy rich-treasured mind have looked upon
And seen thee actress of thy own sweet will!
Yet now art thou bereft us many days,
And even the Public, thy Pygmalion,
Doth mourn its Galatea, lost and still."

Three Women. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. (W. B. Conkey Co.)

MISS WILCOX is, we understand, America's Sappho. She has written *Poems of Passion* and *Poems of Pleasure*, and Sunday-school teachers are discouraged from opening her works. In the volume before us she does what Mr. Allen Upward recently did—she offers a novel in verse. The novel is of the school of the *Family Herald* and *Bow Bells*. Here is a passage:

"A man whose mere name was submerged in the sea

Of letters which followed it, B.A., M.D., And Minerva knows what else, held forth at Bellevue

On what he believed some discovery new
In medical science (though, mayhap, a truth
That was old in Confucius' earliest youth),
And a bevy of bright women students sat near,
Absorbing his wisdom with eye and with ear.

Close by, lay the corpse of a man, half in view.
Dear shades of our dead and gone grand-mammams! you
Whose modesty hung out red flags on each cheek,
Danger signals—if some luckless boor chanced to speak
The words 'leg' or 'liver' before you, I think
Your gray ashes, even, would deepen to pink
Should your ghost happen into a clinic or college
When your granddaughters congregate seeking for knowledge."

Such is Miss Wheeler's enthusiasm for the march of intellect. As a taste of her imagery we might mention that she calls a hospital stretcher the "low brougham of misery."

Wroxall Abbey, and Other Poems. By David Davenport. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

AMONG the "other poems" are "St. Augustine" and "Letters from the New Zealand Mail Bag." The book is modest and gentle. It does not clamour to be read, but much loving care clearly has gone to its making. The author is best in his narrative poems; yet in composing the blank verse fragment which follows, his sense of humour deserted him. The William Bromley who gives it his name was Speaker of the House of Commons in 1710.

"WILLIAM BROMLEY.

What means this silent plucking of my gown?

MESSENDER.

A messenger for thee doth wait below,
Booted and spurred, bespattered o'er with mud,
He gave these letters to me for thine hand,
And craves a conference.

WILLIAM BROMLEY.

Whence comes the man?

MESSENDER.

From Baginton, in Warwickshire, he comes,
And hath, as I conjecture, tidings brought
Of some calamity to thee and thine.

WILLIAM BROMLEY.

From Baginton, in Warwickshire, thou say'st
He comes. But is thy memory so short
That thou forgettest where I now am set?
Or wouldest thou have me, heedless of the State,
Neglect the duties of the Speaker's chair
To hear some petty details of my farm
Or stable? Must the soldier leave his home
And fond fireside to mingle in the wars
Whilst I, the president of this estate,
May quit the business of the commonwealth
To muse and ponder on the 'pros' and 'cons'
Of some poor parish matter? Nay, my friend.
How did Uriah do when that the ark
And Israel and Judah lay in tents
In the open field? Did he not scorn all ease
And comfort in such straitened case,
And welcome hardness? Then must I defer
For some more leisured hour to talk of home,
And home affairs. So quickly hence depart
Back to my messenger and bid him wait."

William Bromley's impassioned devotion to his duty would be more admirable had he taken less time to avow it. During this lengthy manifesto he might have seen the messenger and completed the business.

A RETROSPECT OF BOOK PRICES.

THE LIBRARY SERIES: *Prices of Books*. By Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A. (George Allen.)

THIS book leaves us interested, but hardly wiser. It is full of curious jottings, but it does not greatly enlighten us on the theory and history of book-prices. We do not know that Mr. Wheatley is to blame for this. He was bound by the character of the series for which the book was written, and this forbade that close hugging of figures and stern tenacity of attention to dry facts which alone could have resulted in such a theory and such a history. It is certain that these results do not emerge from Mr. Wheatley's pages. What we do find is some interesting information on successive methods of bookselling, some amusing portraits of old booksellers, and some records of prices fetched by certain typical classes of books at auctions. Perhaps the most interesting chapter in the book is that on Sellers of Books. Here we are introduced to the first book auctioneers, William Cooper and Edward Millington. To Cooper the credit of initiating book auctions in England belongs. It was in September, 1675, that he sold the library of Lazarus Seaman, a member of the Assembly of Divines. Cooper remarked in the preface to his Catalogue:

"Reader, it hath not been usual here in England to make sale of Books by way of auction, or who will give most for them: But it having been practised in other countreys to the advantage both of buyers and sellers, it was therefore concerned (for the encouragement of Learning) to publish the sale of these Books this manner of way, and it is hoped that this will not be unacceptable to schollars."

The new method was a success, and Cooper went on with his auctions. After six years he encountered a rival in Edward Millington, who sold several libraries by auction in 1681. Millington was a character, and the

father of quaint auctioneers. Dunton, the garrulous biographer of early booksellers, says that Millington commenced auctions on the authority of Herodotus—"who commands that way of sale for the disposal of the most exquisite and finest beauties to their *amorosos*"—and, further, that Millington was "a man of remarkable elocution, wit, sense, and modesty . . . so that he'll never be forgotten while his name is Ned." His modesty seems to have struck nobody but Dunton, but then Dunton loved booksellers, and in his *Life and Errors* he describes all those he names as handsome, or he says their wives were handsome. As a fact, Millington owed much of his success to his impudence, and Dunton himself says that there was as much comedy in his "once, twice, thrice" as in many a play. When bidding was slow Millington would thunder: "Where is your generous flame for learning? Who but a sot or a blockhead would have money in his pocket and starve his brains?" And once when Dr. Cave was showing a sleepy demeanour he asked him from the rostrum: "Is this your *Primitive Christianity*?"—Cave's masterpiece! Several of the early auctioneers are sketched by Mr. Wheatley, but there was no great figure among them. Dr. Johnson's father, Michael Johnson, was an auctioneer of books as well as a bookseller. When he went to Worcester to hold an auction he quaintly explained in his prospectus: "You must not wonder that I begin every Day's Sale with small and common books; the reason is a room is some time a filling, and persons of address and business, seldom coming first, they are entertainment till we are full." It is interesting, also, to learn the dates at which the present literary auctioneering firms were founded. Sotheby's, the oldest, goes back to 1744.

Mr. Wheatley reminds us that the custom of publishing a book at a stated price is modern. The first English booksellers bought books in bulk, and fixed their own prices per volume. But the copyright laws included certain regulations limiting the price of books. If a bookseller wanted to charge too much for a volume, the buyer had merely to complain to the Archbishop of Canterbury! The prices asked and paid for early printed books in England emerge but brokenly and doubtfully from records in which they rest like flies in amber. Three to seven shillings was the range of prices for expensive books in the sixteenth century, but a Church Bible for Canterbury cost forty-one shillings. The prices of books in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries may be multiplied by ten for the purpose of comparing them with modern pieces. In the times of Queen Mary and Elizabeth Sir William More, of Loseley in Surrey, bought Munster's *Cosmografye* for 16s.; *Chausore*, 5s.; *Tullye's Officys*, 8d.; *Cezar's Commentary*, 1s. 3d.; two "bookeys of Machevale's works in Italion," 3s. 4d. An old household book quoted by Sir Egerton Brydges yields some lower prices. A "booke of the dysease of horses" was 4d.; and *Lytton in English* was a shilling. One reason why each bookseller charged his own price for a book was that it was difficult

for him to know what other booksellers were charging. Catalogues and price-lists were unknown. Andrew Maunsell, a bookseller doing business in Lothbury, issued the first English catalogue in 1595, and he tells us that books, being published and sold out, disappeared, no one registering their existence, so that "men desirous of such kind of Bookes, cannot aske for what they never heard of, and the Bookseller cannot shew that he hath not." He dedicated his catalogue to Elizabeth and hoped God would bless his labours. But Maunsell was an early bird; the next bibliography of new English books did not appear till 1658, when William London issued his *Catalogue of the Most Vendible Books*. We wish that Mr. Wheatley had quoted from it. What were the most vendible books in 1658?

Some interesting prices of seventeenth century books are given by Mr. Wheatley. The first edition of Shakespeare's Play is thought to have sold for £1. The separate plays of the Elizabethan dramatists were retailed at sixpence apiece. John Ogilby's large illustrated books, issued 1654-1665, seem to have been beyond most purses, and they lay on Ogilby's hands until—happy age!—he bethought him of a lottery to move his stock. Pepys bought a ticket and obtained the *Aesop's Fables* valued at £3, and *The Entertainment to Charles II. in his Passage through the City of London to his Coronation*, valued at £2. In the same series of sumptuous books were the *Iliads* and the *Odysseys* that Pope pored over as a schoolboy. Milton's *Paradise Lost* was a quarto at three shillings. The *Compleat Angler*, published in 1653, and advertised as "not unworthy the perusal," was priced eighteenpence. Butler's *Hudibras* came out in two parts, probably at a shilling each, but the price fluctuated: Pepys gave half-a-crown for his first part, and sold it again for one shilling and sixpence. Mr. Wheatley jots down many eighteenth century prices. Johnson's Dictionary was sold in boards for £4 15s. Some of the large prices obtained in former days were due to the stately manner in which books were issued. Scott and Moore made a great deal of money out of handsome quarto productions of their poems, but Wordsworth waited five years to see 500 copies of the *Excursion* bought at two guineas the copy.

Mr. Wheatley's chapter on the enhanced prices of early editions of modern authors is a detached set of memoranda—interesting, but hardly illuminating when we revert to the scope and purpose of the book. Indeed, the particulars given under this head are avowedly no more than transcripts from Mr. Slater's *Book Prices Current* and similar sources. They are not set with other prices in a logical sequence. It is interesting to be reminded that Matthew Arnold's *Strayed Reveller*, 1849, published at 4s. 6d., is now worth £4, and that the price of the *Empedocles on Etna* of 1852 has risen from 6s. to prices between £3 10s. and £6. Blake's *Songs of Innocence*, engraved and coloured by himself, has fetched £146. Browning's *Pauline*, published in his twenty-first year, was sold at Mr. Alfred Crampton's sale for £145. The rarity of the book tempted Mr. Thomas J. Wise to issue a

facsimile of it in 1886, and the excellence of this reprint tempted the forger to "doctor" it. "Wise's title and prefatory note were removed, the paper was rotted to make it porous, and the leaves were smoked to give them a mellow appearance." The very high price, £572, paid recently by Mr. Sabin for a copy of the Kilmarnock *Burns* is duly noted by Mr. Wheatley. This copy has had a meteoric career through the book market. It was sold for £3 10s. in 1858. In 1870 it fetched six guineas. In 1879 £124 was paid for it. Nine years later it sold for £111—a drop. At last in February of this year it was knocked down at the amazing price of £572. But the philosophy of auctions might have something to say about this leap. Two determined bidders and an excited audience have, ere now, produced inflated prices. For example, at the Roxburgh sale in 1812 the Valdarfer *Boccaccio* fetched £2,260, being desired by two rich and resolute men. But when the victor died the other obtained the book for £918! Two copies of Mr. Meredith's *Poems*, 1851, were sold last year by Messrs. Sotheby for £17 10s. and £25. Sixteen pounds was paid in 1890 for the first printed work of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's. This was *Sir Hugh the Heron: a Legendary Tale in Four Parts*. It was printed at G. Polidari's Private Press, 15, Park Village East, 1843, for private circulation only, and contained twenty-four pages. Miss Christina Rossetti's first poetical efforts, printed at the same press, brought seven guineas. Although not a recognised poet, Mr. Ruskin has beaten these records, for *Poems by J. R.*, collected in 1850 for private circulation, is worth £50 to £60. Mr. Ruskin's works on art also fetch enhanced but not inflated prices. A short list of Shelley prices is given by Mr. Wheatley, and in a note on Tennyson we are reminded that the value of the first edition of the *Poems of Two Brothers* is £15 to £20. Dickens's *Sunday under Three Heads*, first edition, sells for more than its weight in gold; but Mr. Wheatley's notes on Dickens, Thackeray, and Scott are too scrappy to be of any value. Scrappiness is the fault of the book, which nevertheless takes the reader an interesting walk round its subject.

or a slice from Northcote's MS. follow disjointed biographies and brief commentaries dealing with the persons and events mentioned. Mr. Gwynn, no doubt, wished to avoid the irritation of footnotes; but footnotes the interpolations are in their essence, and if he could not work the information into a continuous narrative, it would have been better to put them below the page. But his very ground-plan was doomed to produce an effect of patchiness. It is to give Northcote's hitherto unpublished autobiography in snatches, and to illustrate it by liberal quotations from Hazlitt and other contemporary writers. Thus he altogether foregoes the attraction which is possessed by a direct and well-planned narrative. Yet much of the work is so thoroughly and excellently done as to cause nothing but regret that the writer's method was not more artistic.

"Little Aqua-fortis," as Haydon called Northcote, was well worth the trouble bestowed on him. His character is fully proclaimed in the portrait which stands as a frontispiece. The diminutive figure and slovenly dress, the long bony fingers, the clever, pinched face and broad forehead, something of the artist's divine intensity, and yet an impression of smallness, prepare the reader for the history of a man devoted whole-heartedly to art, and yet lacking in that strength which is necessary to supreme greatness. You can fancy him saying, like Andrea del Sarto, "A man's aim should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?" And, indeed, the interest lies more in his passionate devotion to art than in actual achievement. He was born at Plymouth in 1746, and he did not die till 1831. He listened to the conversation of Johnson and Goldsmith, and, as readers of *Fors Clavigera* know, he painted the portrait of Mr. Ruskin. To the very last he remained in the full and alert possession of his faculties. Haydon has given a vivid picture of him as he appeared in 1804:

"He lived at 39, Argyll-street. I was shown first into a dirty gallery, then upstairs into a dirtier painting room, and there, under a high window with the light shining full on his bald grey head, stood a diminutive wizened figure in an old blue striped dressing-gown, his spectacles pushed up on his forehead. Looking keenly at me with his little shining eyes, he opened the letter, read it, and in the broadest Devon dialect said, 'Zo, you mayne tu bee a painter, doo 'ee! What zort of painter?' 'Historical painter, sir.' 'Heestorical painter! Why ye'll starve with a bundle of straw under yeer head!'"

Fuseli hit off an acrid description in a sentence—"He is like a rat that has seen a cat"; and when, in the Exhibition of 1787, the "Death of Wat Tyler" came off as a great success he caustically remarked:

"Now Northcote will go home, put an extra piece of coal on the fire, and be almost tempted to draw the cork of his one pint of wine when he hears such praise."

Northcote had served a stern apprenticeship that could not but develop whatever tendency to miserliness there was in his original temperament. His father was a watchmaker, and had wished to bring him up in that craft, but, encouraged by a family friend,

Mr. Tolcher, James broke away and set off for London, at the mature age of twenty-five, to embark on the career of a painter. He procured an introduction to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and his connexion with the first President of the Royal Academy furnishes a secondary, if not, indeed, the primary, interest of these memorials. Eventually, he was installed as a pupil of Sir Joshua's, and "pot-boiled" by colouring views for a print-seller on Ludgate-hill at the rate of a shilling per sheet. In a letter he congratulates himself on being able to colour one in the morning before going to his master's studio at nine o'clock. Mr. Gwynn has pieced together a graphic picture of the society Northcote met at the great painter's:

"The wine, cookery, and dishes were but little attended to," says Courtenay, "nor was the fish or venison ever talked of or recommended. Amidst this convivial animated bustle among his guests our host sat perfectly composed, always attentive to what was said, never minding what was eat or drank, but left everyone at perfect liberty to scramble for himself. Temporal and spiritual peers, physicians, lawyers, actors, and musicians composed the motley group and played their parts without dissonance or discord."

It was no doubt a striking revelation to the young man from the provinces, who in the evening of his own life was to have it said of him by a judge so competent as Hazlitt: "The best converser I know is the best listener, I mean Mr. Northcote the painter." Many of his anecdotes of Goldsmith, Johnson, and Garrick which have long since passed into the literature of *ana*, are here reproduced with the utmost propriety. He stayed five years with Sir Joshua and then set up for himself and used the money he had saved to visit Rome and make a continental tour, returning poorer than ever and with new rivals and new enemies to face. By that time Opie had come into vogue, and Peter Pindar (Dr. Wolcot) turned his satiric pen against Northcote. For the first time, he almost lost heart and began to believe for certain that

"notwithstanding all the sanguine hope with which I had formerly encouraged myself, and all the labours I had undergone to gain an eminence in my art, I should die neglected and forgotten, and leave the field to my triumphant rival Opie."

The depression proved only temporary, and, like many another hard-up genius, he kept on his way by following "the line of least resistance," scarcely daring to undertake any large and serious work, lest he should have either to starve or go into debt while doing it. Nevertheless, in 1785 he managed to produce the "Escape of Captain Englefield and his Crew," a picture which appears to have solved the financial problem by bringing him into vogue as a painter of sea-pieces. It was in reference to it that Hazlitt wrote:

"Sometimes you find him sitting on the floor like a schoolboy at play, turning over a set of old prints, and I was pleased to hear him say the other day, coming to one of some men putting off in a boat from a shipwreck: 'That is the grandest and most original thing I ever did.' This was not egotism, but had all the beauty of truth and sincerity."

"LITTLE AQUA-FORTIS."

Memorials of an Eighteenth Century Painter (James Northcote). By Stephen Gwynn. (Fisher Unwin.)

BEFORE dealing with the noteworthy merits of this memoir, it may be well to dismiss its defects briefly. Mr. Gwynn appears to have set before himself a fine ideal of writing, but it is, as yet, scarcely realised. He is clear, simple, and natural, but in bad moments he lapses into baldness, and altogether loses the elasticity and charm which ought to be the redeeming virtues of his style. Then, his matter is not very well digested. Notes and text are jumbled together in a confusion more confounded by a prodigal use of brackets. After a letter

So ended his early struggles, and from that time we find him filling the position to which he has long been assigned by tradition—a bitter, bright, ill-dressed, eloquent figure, saying things that were wise and things that were cutting among the wits of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, Haydon and Fuseli and the Infant Roscius. He was buoyed up by a lofty opinion of his own genius, and thought no more of snubbing a Duke of Clarence than of discouraging a young painter.

"Sir Joshua once asked me, 'What do you know of the Prince of Wales, that he so often speaks to me about you?' I remember I made him laugh by my answer, for I said, 'Oh, he knows nothing of me, nor I of him—it is only his bragging!'" "Well," said he, "that is spoken like a king."

After this, we may round the story off by recalling that, by will, Northcote left £1,000 for a monument to himself, which stands in Marylebone Church, and then—*vale!*

BRIEFER MENTION.

Handbook of Latin Inscriptions. By W. M. Lindsay. (Putnam's.)

M R. LINDSAY'S name on a title-page is always a guarantee of careful and lucid work in his own special departments of classical research, and this little book is very welcome. It is not an exhaustive gleaning of all known inscriptions collected for the use of the antiquary, neither is it a guide to the deciphering of these memorials, nor is it a treatise on their study from a literary point of view; though such aspects of the subjects would lend themselves well to monographs that, if published in cheap and accessible forms, would fill a void. It is a manual of selected inscriptions, chronologically arranged, to illustrate the history and development of the Latin language. Those given are taken from the usual various sources—from jewels and jewel boxes, busts, vases, mirrors, dedicatory plates, milestones, epitaphs, sling-slugs, Pompeian graffiti, legislative tablets, and other public records, and the fragments that exist of the Carmen Arvale and the Carmina Saliaria, to which are added certain documents, including papyrus rolls from Herculaneum. As the writer points out, the early Roman tendency was, as with us, to emphasize the accented syllable in a word so strongly as to cause the remaining syllables to be slurred over. On the other hand, Roman spelling was phonetic, and, therefore, changed under the stress of accent, whereas ours is traditional, and remains stereotyped, although the pronunciation may have altered. These facts combined supply the key to many of the modifications in orthography which the Latin tongue underwent. With regard, by the way, to the propensity to accentuate the earlier portion of a word at the expense of the rest, we wonder how far this may be a peculiarity of prompt and practical races,

such as Romans and Englishmen have prominently shown themselves to be, who would catch the sense of an utterance at once, and to whom the clear and precise enunciation of the whole would, of course unconsciously, seem a needless expenditure of time and energy. Thus, with them the first part of a word would act as it were as an adequate representative of the whole. Although, as we have indicated, this book is not intended as an introduction to the art of deciphering, still in a future edition it would possibly be well if Mr. Lindsay could see his way to printing the inscriptions in facsimile, in addition to the actual and the classical spellings which he does give. It would be an advantage for the student to be able to see each as it really appears, whether divided into words or not, or with the breaks not corresponding to the word-divisions, and so forth. Thus, in the Carmen Arvale, the variant spellings which occur in the triplets would in that case be shown, although it is true that in the comments on this inscription some of the discrepancies are noted; but in things archaeological a keener interest is aroused when the originals or their exact representations are *subjecta fidibus oculis*. Naturally it is impossible for us to discuss here Mr. Lindsay's minute grammatical and syntactical dissection of the specimens he offers: it will be enough to say that, while forming an appropriate supplement to his *Historical Latin Grammar*, this book will be found equally useful as a distinct work.

The Kingis Quair and the New Criticism. By Robert Sangster Rait. (Aberdeen: Brown.)

A YEAR or two ago Mr. J. T. Brown, of Edinburgh, published a treatise intended to show that the traditional attribution of *The Kingis Quair* to James I. of Scotland was untenable, and that the real author must have written thirty or forty years after the King's death, and have based his work on the version of the facts given in Wyntoun's *Cronykil*. The object of Mr. Rait's pamphlet is to controvert this heresy, and to put King James once more in possession of his own. The outcome of the controversy seems to us to be this; that the somewhat disputed external evidence might well be consistent with either theory, but that the internal evidence afforded by the language of the poem tells distinctly in favour of the traditional view, and against that of Mr. Brown. On this point Mr. Rait's clearly written and ably argued essay is quite convincing.

Military Wrinkles. By A. V. P. (Davies & Goddard.)

THIS is an intensely practical little book: a "Pilgrim's Serip" for the young British soldier. "A. V. P." (late 79th) has no false sentiment whatever; he knows the world, and he proposes that others should know it too. Thus, look at the simple directness of this hint:

"Should you enlist under a false name, choose one near the beginning of the alphabet. This will assist you in getting your pay, &c., the quicker, as names are taken alphabetically."

Here are further "wrinkles":

"Our advice to soldiers about to get married is the same as that given by *Punch*—i.e., 'Don't.'

Collect corks where you can, as a hundred corks cut up and sewn into two yards of strong jeans make a capital life-belt.

Remember that death happens only once in a lifetime, and it is an honourable death to die in battle."

Last of all, after every piece of advice that has occurred to the author has been recorded, we find this:

"The Field of Mars is not often a field of clover."

A lesser humorist would have placed it first.

Ireland, 1798-1898. By William O'Connor Morris. (A. D. Innes & Co.)

To have compressed the troubled history of Ireland during the past century into a single volume of some 350 pages is in itself no small achievement. To have written on such controverted questions as those concerned with the Irish Church, Irish land-tenure, and Irish education—the three limbs of the "upas-tree"—with the fairness displayed by Judge O'Connor Morris is a triumph of impartiality. His book, which is the result of long experience in Irish official positions, combined with an immense mass of reading—the list of authorities cited in the preface is quite appalling in its length—may be cordially commended to anyone who is anxious to acquaint himself with the melancholy facts of recent Irish history. With the author's conclusions we confess that we are less satisfied. Judge O'Connor Morris, like all other Irishmen, is at heart, though not politically, a Home Ruler, in the sense of believing that Ireland ought to be governed according to Irish ideas. This is a proposition which might receive assent if only two Irishmen could be found to agree as to what Irish ideas are. In the regrettable absence of a precise definition, the stupid Saxon has to go on governing the country as best he can. His best is not very good, for, as we are continually reminded, no English statesman has ever understood Ireland. She is the *femme incomprise* among nations, and, like her prototype, gives much trouble to those who, attracted by her *beaux yeux*, attempt to soothe her sorrows. Small wonder if, driven to desperation by her "contrariness," her lords and masters have sometimes resorted to "the stick no thicker than your thumb" formerly recommended for rebellious wives. And it is only fair to say that under "coercion," which means the ordinary law supplemented by such additions as shall make it obeyed, Ireland's material prosperity has usually been greater than when "conciliation," taking the form of relaxed precautions, transfers of property from class to class, and avoidance of legal contracts, has been brought into play. Possibly the Local Government Bill, when it becomes law, will work better than Judge O'Connor Morris fears it will; and Irishmen, with the increased responsibility that comes of governing themselves, will settle down into a happy community.

THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1898.

THE NEWEST FICTION. A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

THE PRICE OF A WIFE.

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

A crusty father, a secret marriage, a will tangle, a happy ending. (F. V. White & Co. 240 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE MONK OF THE HOLY TEAR.

BY LUCAS CLEEVE.

A love story laid in Huguenot times, when "the sixteenth century was surging with the undercurrents that were working up to the massacre of St. Bartholomew." The heroine is bound by her father's dying wish to be true to the Protestant faith; her lover is bound by his mother's vow to be dedicated to the Roman Catholic Church. Intrigue and adventure pervade the story. (F. V. White & Co. 312 pp. 6s.)

BY SHAMROCK AND HEATHER.

BY WALMER DOWNE.

She is Irish, he a Scot, and they love. The writing is in this style: "In a commodious mansion at Merchiston two young men drew their chairs nearer to a brightly blazing fire in the drawing-room, and rested their needle-wrought slippers upon the beaded footstool." (Digby, Long & Co. 325 pp. 6s.)

STRONG AS DEATH.

BY MRS. CHARLES M. CLARKE.

Still they come. Another story of the Irish Rebellion! "Madge had the dangerous gift of loving and hating almost with the same beat of her heart. When she was in Mr. Holmes's garden with Connor she felt at one moment that she loved him so she could have grovelled at his feet, and the next she could have strangled him in the passion of her hate." It is reassuring to learn that "she possessed many of the natural qualities that go to form our best female philanthropists." (Aberdeen: Moran & Co. 538 pp. 6s.)

FOR THE REBELS' CAUSE.

BY ARCHER P. CROUCH.

Those who like to read of hard fighting by land and sea will like this story of the Congressional revolt in Chili. This is how they fought: "Having broken their bayonets they clubbed their rifles till the stocks gave way and the barrels snapped. Then they drew their 'cuchillos'—or small, dagger-shaped knives—and fought with them. If these were lost they closed with their opponents and fastened on to their throats with a grip that even death did not relax." And these were the vanquished, not the victors. Exciting, illustrated. (Ward, Lock & Co. 350 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE THOUGHT ROPE.

BY CHRISTABEL COLERIDGE.

The point of this story is that the heroine can always see farther through a brick wall than anyone else. She has "those finer senses which are given to a few," and can visualise future events in a tumbler half filled with water. Thus endowed, she easily unmasks the treachery of Vyall Dalton. One of her *obiter dicta* (she is referring to her lover) is this: "When you respect a man on the whole, but think he has one tile rather loose, it is always better to let the subject be." (Hurst & Blackett. 235 pp. 1s.)

REVIEWS.

Silence. By Mary E. Wilkins.
(Harper & Brothers.)

OVER this new collection of stories hangs an antique air. The scene is still New England, but it is the New England of an earlier generation, and in one case we are taken to Cotton Mather's days. But the author is herself throughout. At a time when so much

writing is precious and so much slovenly, it is a joy to meet this austere artist and tender woman; to cool and rest oneself in the sweet simplicities of her delicate imagination.

One type of maidenhood runs through the book: the fragile girl, of flower-like refinement and grace, who can, on occasion, rise to heights of courageous action. Silence, the heroine of the title-story, loses her lover in an attack by Indians on her village. She was the soul of resistance during the fight, but when it was over her reason failed. How it returned the reader must discover. Miss Wilkins brings the grief of the bereaved women before one with a power that is almost too real. In "Evelina's Garden" the same girl is reincarnated in the younger Evelina. This story is the gem of the book. The Evelina of the garden was Evelina Adams, the squire's heiress, who lived in the great house, patient and reticent, with something like a broken heart. All her affections were turned to her flowers, which she tended with a solicitude excelled by few parents for their children. Here is an exquisite passage:

"There had never been in the village such a garden as this of Evelina Adams's. All the old blooms which had come over the seas with the early colonists, and started, as it were, their own colony of flora in the new country, flourished there. The naturalised pinks and phlox and hollyhocks and the rest, changed a little in colour and fragrance by the conditions of a new climate and soil, were all in Evelina's garden, and no one dreamed what they meant to Evelina; and she did not dream herself, for her heart was always veiled to her own eyes, like the face of a nun. The roses and pinks, the poppies and heartsease, were to this maiden-woman, who had innocently and helplessly outgrown her maiden heart, in the place of all the loves of life which she had missed. Her affections had forced an outlet in roses; they exhaled sweetness in pinks, and twined and clung in honeysuckle vines. The daffodils, when they came up in the spring, comforted her like the smiles of children; when she saw the first rose her heart leaped as at the face of a lover."

How Evelina Adams foresaw that, through intense reserve and pride, her young cousin Evelina Leonard was in danger of sapping her life and forfeiting happiness even as she herself had, and took precautions to prevent such a calamity, the reader must also discover. To our mind the little story is among its author's best, which is to say that it is among the few best short stories in the language. "A New England Prophet" is of stouter stuff. It tells of a religious revival of unusual fervour, in which the end of the world was foretold to the minute. The villagers neglected everything for the dreadful day: the men let their farms languish, the women, instead of cooking, sewed their Ascension robes. One sceptic, however, remained, Simeon Lennox, the prophet's brother, a very worthy addition to Miss Wilkins's gallery of sardonic old men. On the night before the cataclysm was due Simeon dropped into his brother's to scoff a little:

"Simeon chuckled, then he turned to his brother, 'Well, Sol'mon s'pose you're flappin' all ready to fly?' he said.

Solomon made no reply. He frowned over the great volume on his knees. The deaf-and-dumb boy had set his empty plate on the hearth and fallen asleep again, with his head tilted against the jamb. Melissa sewed, her pale face bent closely over her work.

"Hear ye are goin' to fly from Penfield's hill?" said Simeon.

Still Solomon said nothing.

"Well, I s'pose that's as good a place as any," said Simeon, "though 'ain't a very high hill. I should 'most think you'd want a higher hill than Penfield's. I s'pose you'll be kind of unhandy with your wings at first, an' start off something like hens. But then I s'pose a few feet more or less won't make no odds when they get fairly to workin'. I heard the women was makin' flyin'-petticoats. Them what you're to work on, Sophy Anne, you and Mellisy?"

Sophia Anne gave one look at him, then she took a stitch.

"Abby Mosely's to work on one, I guess," said Simeon. "She's been a-sittin' in a heap of white cloth a-sewin' for three days. I came in once, and she was trying of it on, and she slipped out of it mighty sudden. All I've got to say is she'll cut a queer figure flyin'. She's pretty hefty. I miss my guess if she don't find it a job to strike out at first."

In this story Miss Wilkins achieves a triumph of grotesque. The opening passages, culminating in a description of the meeting at the prophet's, are perfectly managed to give the desired sense of impending calamity. But it is not quite her work. It is in "Evelina's Garden" that Miss Wilkins's genius is most "at home." None the less the volume before us is a delight from cover to cover.

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The Wooings of Jezebel Pettyfer. By Haldane Macfall.
(Grant Richards.)

MR. HALDANE MACFALL is an exuberantly voluble gentleman. The adventures, such as they are, of Jezebel Pettyfer extend over some four hundred pages, of which, at a rough estimation, two-thirds are written in that ugliest of all possible jargons, the negro dialect of the West Indies. Of story there is but two-pennyworth to an intolerable deal of description. Mr. Macfall would appear to keep half a peck of adjectives in his coat pockets, and when an opportunity for a little local colour occurs, to take out a handful and scatter them broadcast over the paper. Nevertheless, let us hasten to say that he describes better than he analyses or creates. Forgive him his profusion, and there is really something of colour and of movement, for instance, in this picture of high noon in Barbadoes:

"Patient grey donkeys, creaking-pannied, ambled along, overborne often enough with loads heavy beyond their proper powers without the dirty, ragged black rogue in wide-brimmed hat who sat atop of all; other grey donkeys stood at their ease by the roadside, slung with rude saddles and empty panniers. Two black women, basket on head, squabbled raucously, and made it up again, and squabbled again, violently gesticulating; a filthy, tattered negress, running to a hooded carriage that passed, thrust out a gaunt begging hand, crying with cringing whine for alms to the veiled white lady seated within; and several over-dressed negroes walked busily about, shirking toil and advising their neighbours. A herd of lank black swine were driven along, squeaking, squealing, grunting, by a bedraggled negress, who shuffled close behind in down-at-heel elastic-sided boots—relics of one-time Sunday finery—and punished their hoggish strayings with hard blows of a stout rod. A ragged, bearded fellow, with wandering eye a-roaming, and rambling wits most aimlessly agog, stumped past on dusty feet, mumbling the vague tongue that only the mad may understand; a bevy of tormenting street urchins followed buzzing at his heels, pestering the poor distracted brain with nagging devils, plucking at the sorry clothes annoyingly, and crying nicknames; then he of a sudden turned in scowling black anger upon them, scattering them with vicious cuts of walking staff; and the crowd swept past and blotted them out. A squad of baggy-blue-breech'd Zouaves in white jackets swung by at a quick step towards barracks, their dark faces shining with perspiration, their yellow eyeballs gleaming under dusky brows, the white tassels of their blood-red fezes swinging, their rifles glinting in the sunlight."

As for the flirtations of that comely and shameless negress, Jezebel Pettyfer, we must confess that they inspire us with but a languid interest. Indeed, though even negro human nature may doubtless be irradiated by the light of genius, negro human nature, as Mr. Macfall presents it, appears to be but unwashed and unsavoury. In a somewhat incoherent narrative, the only episode in which we find attraction is the death of the dog Cuckoo. Cuckoo was a white terrier mongrel belonging to a thieving scoundrel called Jehu Dyle, whose only redeeming feature was precisely his affection for this beast:

"For days the Cuckoo sat outside the court-house. Day after day he waited till the doors were shut, and then as the night came down he waddled away to steal his meat, and to hide until the morning in some odd place of his own choosing. So he watched and waited patiently for his disreputable master's footfall. As the days passed into weeks, and the weeks ran into a month, he lost heart, and his strength gradually failed him, until one morning his little dead body was found—a small white husk, lying together with other husks of bananas and discarded things, cast aside on a common dust-heap in the public gutter of the city.

So the little Cuckoo, walking alone, as indeed we all must, entered into the unknown."

Would that we could impress upon Mr. Macfall the fact that the public interest in the "low-life" of drinking-saloons and similar localities has somewhat evanesced.

Aunt Judith's Island. By F. C. Constable.
(Grant Richards.)

MR. CONSTABLE began his literary career tentatively with a brief but caustic satire, published anonymously, entitled *The Curse of Intellect*. That, however, clever though it was, gave no indication of its author's true capacity. In *Aunt Judith's Island* he has found himself.

The medium is still satire, but it is also more. Keen observation of life, in many strata of society, ripe experience, understanding of human nature, and a kindly amused toleration of its little foibles, humour, good humour, and an active wit—these qualities have gone liberally to the making of *Aunt Judith's Island*. Add to them a very unusual gift of bright narrative, a careful use of words, and a preference for incident above talk, and you see that *Aunt Judith's Island* is no ordinary novel. There are indications that it is the fruit of the toil of years expended upon it by a patient, exacting workman in love with his idea.

The novel, briefly, is the story of Judith Syward, millionaire and spinster, her collection of as many of the scattered members of her family as she can bring together, her settlement of any outlying differences between them, and their life on the island near Crete which she had acquired from the Sultan. Her rescue of five hundred Armenians from persecution, and after giving them a Syward ancestor, making them also welcome on the island, is the cause of difficulties with the Powers. Hence while in the first half of the book Aunt Judith is an autocratic peacemaker in London, in the second she is a Machiavellian diplomatist. So well-knit is the work that to quote is impracticable. Enough to say that the comedy is managed with perfect urbanity and skill; it goes forward from the first page with a buoyancy that is only too rare, and never for a moment, though the book runs to some hundred thousand words, does interest flag. Begin *Aunt Judith's Island* and you must end it.

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The Old Adam and the New Eve. By Rudolf Golm. Translated from the German by Edith Fowler.
(International Library: Heinemann.)

MR. EDMUND GOSSE contributes the usual introduction to this, the twenty-first, volume of the "International Library." Touching with a delicate and aloof academicism upon the position of women in Germany and elsewhere, it contains in all its ten pages about ten lines of literary criticism, and not a word to assist the reader in forming an estimate of Rudolf Golm's idiosyncrasies as a writer. It is written with easy skill, but it happens to be absolutely futile.

Says Rudolf Golm in his own preface: "I am here offering you a transcript from life. My heroine behaves in my book as she behaved in real life. I have altered nothing." This is true. *The Old Adam and the New Eve* is a morsel of realism, second-rate, but still realism, and noticeable enough as coming from the most mawkishly sentimental country in Europe. The author tells the story of the German "new woman"—a "woman who, standing at the turning-point of two epochs, experiences in her own person all the tragedy involved in transition." Käthe Hübner, full of modern ideas, in leaving the life of a governess and the tyranny of her parents in order to become the wife of a sensual plutocrat, merely exchanges one slavery for another. The second one horrifies her so that she abandons it in order to accept once more the frightful solitude of a governess in large towns. In the end she comes to see that of the two tortures the conjugal variety is the less impossible, and she returns with fitting humility to the husband who will treat her like a pet dog on the condition that she behaves like a pet dog.

She went back to this sort of thing:

"'Have a care,' said the Major, while the glasses met, 'that no drop is spilt. A pretty business if a red splash were to disfigure this clean white tablecloth! A misfortune indeed! A woman has been known to bewail such a catastrophe for days, eh, Frau Käthe?'

Käthe looked slightly disdainful, but gave him no answer, apparently thinking it not worth her while.

'Isn't your wife like that too?' asked Wetzlar, turning to Buggenrieth.

'Well, naturally; why should she be any different? You don't suppose that I have married an exception?'

'All right, then! Whatever you do, no exceptions! Nowhere! I know that from the service'

In workmanship the book is creditable; in warmth of imagination it is tepid. It has no absolute, though it may have a relative, importance. To Germany it may have been a revelation; to England it is merely a fair specimen of a well-known type. The question arises: Was it worth translating? We think not. Mr. Edmund Gosse has scarcely been fortunate in the selection of this "International Library." Mediocre Spanish, Italian, German, and Scandinavian novels preponderate; there is only one French work, and no example of either D'Annunzio or Sudermann. Miss Fowler's translation of the present book is upon the whole satisfactory; she should not, however, use phrases such as "coupé of the first class" instead of "first-class carriage." A translation assuredly ought to read like a translation (despite the general opinion to the contrary), but trickeries of this kind will not bring about the desired effect.

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The Concert Director. By Nellie K. Blissett.
(Macmillan & Co.)

THIS novel belongs to that large class of fiction (well known to the reviewer) which is dominated by the term "odd." Everything in it is either odd or done oddly. One person has an odd smile, another looks up oddly, another speaks with an odd intonation, another experiences an odd feeling, and so on and so on, until you find yourself reading the last chapters solely with a view to counting the number of "odds" that will happen before the end is reached. Of course, in this kind of novel nothing is really odd; on the contrary, events and people are firmly moulded to a hard and fast convention.

The Concert Director begins in an approved manner:

"The rain was falling softly and persistently, and in the air was a damp freshness, grateful after the heat of a late and sultry summer. The weather has an undoubted effect upon the course of existence. It is beloved of those seeking for conversational brilliancy, and finding it not; it is a boon to the uninspired letter-writer. It has caused many crimes, innumerable disappointments, and not a few tragedies. A wet day is not an uncommon occurrence in Vienna, nor, for the matter of that, anywhere else; yet the fact that it rained upon that particular day, and in that particular place, changed the destinies of three people. . . ."

The three people are Israel Scaramanga, the Jew, who rises by his Ouidaesque attributes to the position of concert director; Roubetsin, the finest pianist in the world; and Tarasca, the finest singer in the world. There is also a boy named Spiro, who was going to be an even finer pianist than Roubetsin.

Because Tarasca refuses to sing for a certain impresario, Scaramanga enters into an agreement with the said impresario under which he, Scaramanga, is to marry Tarasca, and so induce her to sing. Scaramanga, with the aid of fate, initiates his nefarious designs in the usual way:

"It was but the work of a few moments to wade with Tarasca to the shore, and deposit her high, though by no means dry, upon the shore."

Then he marries her; also, he falls in love with her. Later, "on a summer afternoon . . . a man and a boy might have been seen [blessed phrase!] walking down Regent-street."

And more intrigue of the same sort for several score pages. At last Tarasca and Roubetsin, naturally destined for each other, come together. In the last chapter the narrator of the story happens to be on a yacht in the Bay of Villac, on whose shore stands the "dark and silent chateau" which is the residence of Tarasca. It was eventide.

"Presently a sound came to us—a sound which straitened us in our seats, and strained every nerve to intense attention. Out across the water, where the growing moonlight was beginning to paint patches of faintest silver, floated a voice which, once heard, no one could possibly forget or fail to recognise. It ran slowly up a scale—clear, golden, round —"

Such was Tarasca's singing. It only remained for Roubetsin to send out across the waters the chords of his *Fantaisie Russe*, and, after a short interval, Roubetsin obliged.

"Then, all at once, as we sat there, the great chateau was lit up from end to end as though by the stroke of enchantment. The effect was marvellous—and magical. The black shadow was transformed in one instant into a fairy palace. The empty windows became beautiful—the deserted towers glowed resplendent against the night. The whole building looked like a great burning jewel set in moonlit sky and sea."

Odd! But perhaps for that night Brock had been enticed away from the Crystal Palace.

HASLEMERE AS A LITERARY CENTRE.

As long as the English tongue holds sway [says Mr. Charles T. Bateman in the *Windsor Magazine*] Haslemere will be a literary Mecca for pilgrims both from the old and the new countries. There, on the heights above the sleepy old town, and about three miles distant, stands Tennyson's home, nestling under the crest of a Surrey hill, but with its face to Sussex and the sea. . . . The poet loved Aldworth, and there death met him at last in the room overlooking one of the fairest scenes in England. . . .

But half an hour's walk from Aldworth, keeping in a south-westerly direction, stands Blackdown Cottage. It is just the homely, picturesque, and unpretentious shelter for the busy literary man, who desires to possess his soul amid the seclusion of delightful surroundings, and away from the turmoil of towns. The locomotive, bringing its shoals of visitors to spoil Haslemere and Hindhead, shrieks four miles off. Only a thin puff of smoke on a fine day marks the progress of the iron horse through Sussex. For nine summers up to 1897 Mr. Frederic Harrison stayed at the cottage. Here he did some of his best work and received his literary friends, included among the number being the late Lord Tennyson and Mr. John Morley.

Passing along the garden-paths and the old-fashioned sun-dial, one is directed to the summer-house, built on a knoll, and yet partly hidden by yew, holly, and beech. This was Mr. Harrison's sanctum, and afforded him precisely the conditions he required in preparing his books. Two windows directed southwards commanded the Weald and his own homestead, lying peacefully sheltered in the hollow. To the right Blackdown rises to a considerable height, and from the summit Mr. Frederic Harrison delighted to obtain an uninterrupted view of the Downs and the sea beyond. Not a great distance from the cottage is Blackdown House, peculiarly interesting to the author who has made the life of Cromwell a study. The Protector used to visit the place, and local legend, up to a few years since, even pointed out the bedstead on which he slept.

Taking the high road to Shottermill, let us visit "Brookbank." It is not so secluded as Mr. Frederic Harrison's house, but it has lost none of its charm since the time it enchanted George Eliot. For its size, possibly no residence has welcomed so many celebrities. Mrs. Gilchrist lived here in the early sixties, after her husband's death, and finished his *Life of Blake*, which earned Carlyle's praise. Of "Brookbank" itself Mrs. Gilchrist once wrote to Mr. William M. Rossetti, "This place is a *bond fide* cottage, and would stand comfortably in your drawing-room. . . . The scenery is of surpassing loveliness."

George Eliot took possession in 1871, and here wrote *Middlemarch*. The wild, romantic scenery of hills and valleys, clad with gorse and heather, simply inspired her and made her love the little world around Shottermill. Much of her writing was done in the morning, seated near the window opening on to the verandah. Sometimes, when the weather appeared particularly balmy, she ventured to write in the garden. As we know, she suffered much from the cold. One day a friend found her in the tropical weather sitting outdoors with only a deodar to shade her head. "Oh, I like it," she said, in reply to the protest. "To-day is the first time I have felt warm weather this summer." Her nervousness when out for a drive was another phase of her character. The story is told that her driver at Haslemere once remarked: "Withal her being such a mighty clever body, she was very nervous in a carriage—allays wanted to go on a smooth road, and seemed dreadful feared of being thrown out." At the present time there are residents in the neighbourhood who still remember her peculiarities. She varied her retirement by occasionally calling upon, and receiving visits from, Tennyson, with whom she delighted to carry on weighty arguments. Coming again into Surrey in 1876, she stayed at the Heights, Witley, but a few miles distant, where *Daniel Deronda* was completed.

At the summit of Hindhead, and immediately below the Portsmouth-road, one of the younger forces in literature has erected his home. A few months since Dr. Conan Doyle settled here, and already his services have been claimed by his neighbours on behalf of the literary society. With Mr. Grant Allen in the chair, the creator of "Sherlock Holmes" adopted Dickens's plan, and read selections from his own books. "Udnershaw," so named by Dr. Doyle, face almost due south; it possesses a pretty hall, built in baronial style,

illuminated by a window containing the owner's arms. From this cosy corner one can look straight away through the south entrance down the valley—rich in broom—to the South Downs in the distance. The billiard-room is a pleasant apartment, opening from the hall, and here it seems quite natural to find originals of the sketches illustrating the adventures of the clever Holmes. The youthful branches of the family are here, there, and everywhere.

Mr. Grant Allen, novelist, journalist, and literary guide-book maker, is, as everybody knows, a "hill-topper." His house, "The Croft," stands above the deep hollow nicknamed "The Devil's Punch-bowl," and bears as its inscription "G. & N. A. Sibi et amicis, 1893." For some years his neighbour and friend was Mr. Biscombe Gardner, the well-known engraver, who delights to portray the characteristics of Surrey scenery. Like Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. Allen takes his share of work in the local institute; but when he accepted the presidency two or three years ago, the clerical supporters left almost *en masse*, as a protest against *The Woman Who Did*.

Prof. Tyndall came to Hindhead in 1887. So delighted were both he and his wife with the surroundings, and so anxious to fly from the noise of the London streets, that they decided to live in a temporary iron structure on the grounds while Hindhead House was in course of erection. Without servants, and with only occasional help, Mrs. Tyndall attended to the household requirements. Yet with only two rooms, as the Professor once gleefully observed, they were never happier. In memory of those pleasant makeshift days, the shanty, now covered with ivy and creeper, still stands in the grounds.

Practically speaking, Prof. Tyndall pioneered civilisation at Hindhead. At one time it possessed an unenviable notoriety for highway and mail coach robberies. The murdered sailor's stone which "Nicholas Nickleby" turned to see reminds us that even more terrible crimes were committed in the locality. When Tyndall settled here there were but few cottages, and the glorious expanse of heather had not been disfigured by smart villas and barbed wire fences. Now the land speculator and the builder are rapidly turning a tract of wild and diversified beauty into roads dotted with huge boarding houses and laundries. In 1866 Tennyson was offered ninety acres of this land for £1,400. In reply he said, "What is the use of a number of acres if they will not grow anything?" At the present time similar property could not be exchanged for £200 an acre. To his credit be it said, Tyndall exercised much thoughtful care to prevent any "discord in the landscape" by choosing bricks and tiles for his house which rapidly toned to the natural beauty around.

The scientist settled here with the hope of completing what he termed "the work of his life." For years before his death he was engaged in collecting and assorting materials for an autobiography. Illness much delayed the task, and then, later on, death found it uncompleted.

THE CORNISH MAGAZINE.

MR. QUILLER-COUCH INTERVIEWED.

IT was an irregular sort of an interview, for, says a writer of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch, having laboured all the morning over the final revises of the *Cornish Magazine*, was now managing his yacht, the *Vida*, in a sea that somehow or other prevented her from getting proper advantage from the wind that was blowing. The questions and answers came in the midst of many manœuvrings, and the first of them was as follows:

"How did the magazine originate?"—"The whole credit of that belongs to Mr. Joseph Pollard, of Truro, who has already deserved well of his county as the publisher of Borlase's *Age of the Saints*, and Mr. Langdon's book on crosses, as well as the admirable *Autobiography of a Cornish Smuggler*. By the by, it is remarkable what an influence that book on crosses has had. When it was published it was exhaustive. Since then people have become interested, and have looked about them with open eyes. The result is that we have here four or five crosses described and illustrated in the first number, of which nobody knew at all when Mr. Langdon's book appeared. What is more, we have reason to hope that a good many others will turn up in the near future."

"There have been other 'Cornish Magazines,' haven't there?"—"You say that ominously! Yes.

contained much that was good, but their editors (if I am not greatly mistaken) had nothing like the support that I shall have so far as contributors are concerned, and the public was not in their time in the habit of spending so much on literature as it does nowadays. The first number, at any rate, is going excellently, and, to be frank, I think we shall keep all our original subscribers and get new ones every time."

That is about all there is of the interview. Mr. Couch was busy with the affairs of the boat, and the interviewer was taking a lazy interest in a line which trailed behind her for the undoing of mackerel that did not seem to be anywhere near Fowey. But now that the magazine has appeared I feel that the editor has very good reason for the faith that is in him.

THE CHILD'S GUIDE TO LITERATURE.

Q. Who are Prof. Schenk, Maeterlinck, and Cyrano de Bergerac?

A. Steady! steady!

Q. But I want to know.

A. Well, let us take them one at a time. Prof. Leopold Schenk is a distinguished Austrian embryologist, who has, he believes, discovered a means by which parents who desire boys can have them.

Q. Boys?

A. Yes.

Q. What's the matter with girls?

A. Nothing, except that a girl has some difficulty in fulfilling the office of a son and heir.

Q. And what is the means?

A. I don't know, but he has written a book about it.

Q. Another injustice to woman, I suppose?

A. Well, I suppose it could be construed into one.

Q. And who is Maeterlinck?

A. Maeterlinck is a Belgian lawyer and writer of plays, who, when he stays in London, dates his letters from the National Liberal Club.

Q. Is he great?

A. He has exquisite thoughts.

Q. Exquisite? But—the National Liberal Club?

A. Oh, well, that is a vagary of genius.

Q. What are his plays like?

A. They are dreamy and mystical and tragic; and the people usually say everything twice.

Q. Are they the kind of reading you recommend to your aunt?

A. No, not altogether.

Q. And Cyrano de Bergerac, who was he?

A. He is the hero of the new French play which Coquelin is bringing to the Lyceum.

Q. A real man?

A. Yes, he lived in the seventeenth century; a Frenchman—

Q. Well, I didn't suppose he was Scotch—

A. Hush! And he had a tremendous nose. As he says himself, in the play, this nose—this devil of a nose—always preceded him by a quarter of an hour.

Q. Yes?

A. And he was witty, and he fought so many duels that he was called "The Demon of Courage." Most of them were on account of his nose; it was only necessary to look at it for Cyrano to take offence. "I should have lost all knowledge of paper," he wrote in one of his books, "if challenges had been written on anything else."

Q. Then he was an author?

A. Yes, he wrote satires on Society, and plays, and fantastic stories in the manner of Swift, Jules Verne, and H. G. Wells.

Q. What were the stories about?

A. One described his travels in the moon, and another his travels in the sun.

Q. And how does he figure in the Lyceum play?

A. As magnanimous friend, making love for another to the beautiful Roxana, while loving her himself. And there is a perfect confectioner-poet in it. The play is charming. You proceed through laughter to tears.

Q. Good. We must go.

A. Yes, every one must go.

FROM *The Books of To-day and the Books of To-Morrow*.

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1898.

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THE ACADEMY is published every Friday morning. Advertisements should reach the office not later than 4 p.m. on Thursday.

The EDITOR will make every effort to return rejected contributions, provided a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

Occasional contributors are recommended to have their MS. type-written.

All business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., should be addressed to the PUBLISHER.

Offices: 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE long-deferred hot weather having arrived at last (we hope this statement is not inaccurate), it is only natural that publishers should be growing inactive. Books are for winter and indoors rather than the summer and the open air. Yet surely even in July and August there are some books which people want to read—novels, for instance. So we should have thought, but this week's crop of fiction is but six volumes.

LAST year, it will be remembered, it was in the midst of the hottest weather and slackest business period with publishers, that Mr. Hall Caine's *Christian* was issued and took readers by storm. This year Mr. Arrowsmith is proposing to try for a similar off-season success with Mr. Anthony's Hope's *Rupert of Hentzau*, the sequel to the *Prisoner of Zenda*. The date fixed for *Rupert's* appearance is July 25. It may safely be predicted that, at any rate, Mr. Hope's romance will not, as Mr. Caine's did, increase the summer's heat.

THE Rev. J. Glendenning Nash, the incumbent of Christ Church, Woburn-square, states that the memorial to Christina Rossetti, designed by the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones, is about to be placed in that church. The total cost will reach £220, of which £180 has been subscribed. Mr. Nash asks for subscriptions to complete the balance. They may be sent to the Chief Cashier, Bank of England, Threadneedle-street.

The *Critic* of New York now ceases to appear as a weekly paper. Henceforward it leads the existence of a magazine, the first number in that form being due on July 25. The "Lounger" will still gossip in his (or

her) pleasant way, and to the reviews will be added essays, special articles, and, we doubt not, poems. "Literature," we are told, "will continue to hold the first place; and art, music, and the drama will be treated in a manner to interest the amateur as well as the expert. The paper will be more profusely and handsomely illustrated than heretofore. In short, nothing will be left undone that promises to strengthen its appeal to the cultivated class of readers among whom 'the first literary journal in America' has always been *persona grata*. As a magazine the *Critic* will be unique." This is satisfactory news, yet we shall miss the periodical in its weekly form. Few papers have been more interesting.

"LOUNGER," by the way, replies in this last weekly number to some of Mr. Lang's recent comments on certain of the *Critic's* criticisms. With regard to Mr. Lang's decision not to visit America on account of the "roopiness" of his voice, "Lounger" says: "It is not necessary to talk, my dear Mr. Lang; come and let us look at you—we will do the talking." How little the "Lounger" knows Mr. Lang. America's talking powers are just what he dreads.

WE can supplement the announcement made already as to the conversion of the *Spectator* into a limited liability company with a capital of £84,000. The objects of the new company are stated to be the acquisition of the *Spectator* and to carry on the business of newspaper proprietors, publishers of newspapers, magazines, and other publications, printers, booksellers, bookbinders, and paper manufacturers. The subscribers to the articles of association are: J. St. Loe Strachey, 1, Wellington-street, Strand, W.C.; H. Strachey, Sutton-court, Pensford, Bristol; Mrs. A. Strachey, Newland's-corner, Merrow, Guildford; A. H. Snell, 27, Mincing-lane, E.C.; E. G. Thorne, 17, Gracechurch-street, E.C.; C. T. Simpson, 9, Old-square, Lincoln's-inn, W.C.; C. J. Cornish, Oxford House, Chiswick-mall; C. L. Graves, 3, Strathmore-gardens, Kensington, W. Mr. St. Loe Strachey is the sole director, and may exercise all the power of directors, with a salary of £2,400 a year.

THE above facts are correct as far as they go, but it should be understood that the *Spectator* company is a purely private arrangement and that no shares have been, or will be, offered to the public. Practically the whole of the ordinary shares are held by Mr. St. Loe Strachey and the preference shares by members of his family. A few regular contributors hold small shares, but these, taken together, do not amount to more than a tenth of the whole. Mr. Townsend will continue to assist Mr. Strachey as joint editor. Indeed, there will be no change whatever in the editorial arrangements, and the paper will continue in all respects as before.

THE *Spectator* has been fortunate to draw from Mr. Rudyard Kipling a lengthy and most interesting letter on the subject of the

drunken scene in *The Tempest*. "But whence," a writer in a recent *Spectator* asked, in an article on Landscape and Literature, "came the vision of the enchanted island in *The Tempest*? It had no existence in Shakespeare's world, but was woven out of such stuff as dreams are made of." Mr. Kipling, however, thinks otherwise. For Mr. Kipling has seen, about two miles from Hamilton, in Bermuda, a spot that fits Sc. ii. Act 2 of *The Tempest* to perfection: "A bare beach, with the wind singing through the scrub at the land's edge, a gap in the reefs wide enough for the passage of Stephano's butt of sack, and (these eyes have seen it) a cave in the coral within easy reach of the tide, whereto such a butt might be conveniently rolled ('My cellar is in a rock by the seaside where my wine is hid.') There is no other cave for some two miles. 'Here's neither bush nor shrub'; one is exposed to the wrath of 'yond' same black cloud,' and here the currents strand wreckage. It was so well done that, after three hundred years, a stray tripper, and no Shakespeare scholar, recognised in a flash that old first set of all."

HAVING this pleasure before his eyes Mr. Kipling worked backwards to the playwright, and has come out of his cogitations the latest and most entertaining of Shakespearean commentators. How if, says he in effect, Shakespeare heard of Bermuda from a shipwrecked mariner among the audience at one of the plays? Shakespeare, as manager, might have been passing here and there between the people, and have caught odds and ends of the man's story. Afterwards he might have offered him drink, and in return have acquired the basis of *The Tempest*. The idea, as Mr. Kipling sketches it, is not fantastic, it is plausible, almost convincing.

At first the sailor offered only topographical detail. Mr. Kipling shows him doing this, and continues:

"So far good. Up to this point the manager has gained little except some suggestions for an opening scene, and some notion of an uncanny island. The mariner (one cannot believe that Shakespeare was mean in these little things) is dipping to a deeper drunkenness. Suddenly he launches into a preposterous tale of himself and his fellows, flung ashore, separated from their officers, horribly afraid of the devil-haunted beach of noises, with their heads full of the fumes of broached liquor. One castaway was found hiding under the ribs of a dead whale which smelt abominably. They hauled him out by the legs—he mistook them for imp— and gave him drink. And now, discipline being melted, they would strike out for themselves, defy their officers, and take possession of the island. The narrator's mates in this enterprise were probably described as fools. He was the only sober man in the company.

So they went inland, faring badly as they staggered up and down this pestilent country. They were pricked with palmet-toes, and the cedar branches rasped their faces. Then they found and stole some of their officers' clothes, which were hanging up to dry. But presently they fell into a swamp, and, what was worse, into the hands of their officers; and the great expedition ended in muck and mire. Truly an

island bewitched. Else why their cramps and sickness? Sack never made a man more than reasonably drunk. He was prepared to answer for unlimited sack; but what befell his stomach and head was the purest magic that honest man ever met.

A drunken sailor of to-day wandering about Bermuda would probably sympathise with him; and to-day, as then, if one takes the easiest inland road from Trinculo's beach, near Hamilton, the path that a drunken man would infallibly follow, it ends abruptly in swamp. The one point that our mariner did not dwell upon was that he and the others were suffering from acute alcoholism combined with the effects of nerve-shattering peril and exposure. Hence the magic. That a wizard should control such an island was demanded by the beliefs of all seafarers of that date.

We congratulate Mr. Kipling—and the *Spectator*.

Who but Mr. David Nutt would have the courage to issue the Spanish text of *Don Quixote* in two volumes at two guineas each? The first volume lies before us, and is a magnificently produced book, printed at Edinburgh by Constable. Mr. Nutt has frankly stated to a representative of the ACADEMY that his enterprise has been dictated by pure literary enthusiasm shared between its editor and himself. Mr. James Fitz-Maurice Kelly has long maintained that a pure text of Cervantes' work does not exist in Spain or out of it. Even the texts issued under the approval of the Spanish Academy are declared by Mr. Kelly to be corrupt. Hence his attempt to give to Spain and to the world a text of *Don Quixote* on which as much critical care has been expended as upon a Greek or Roman classic. It is not a little odd that Spain should receive such a gift from Anglo-Saxon scholarship at the present time. But the coincidence of the Cuban war and the publication of this work is unfortunate from a publisher's point of view. The Spanish market is necessarily spoiled, and in America, where Spain and Spanish letters are better known and studied than in England, the book may probably be looked on askance for a time. Mr. Nutt is not, however, discouraged by these circumstances, and he is confident of the ultimate disposal of his four hundred copies.

MR. FITZ-MAURICE KELLY, who comes of an Irish Catholic family, was one of Mr. Henley's "young men" on the *National Observer*, and he edited Shelton's translation of *Don Quixote* in the "Tudor Translations Series." This partly explains the dedication to Mr. Henley, which runs as follows:

AL SEÑOR
DON GUILLERMO ERNESTO HENLEY
ILUSTRE POETA Y CRÍTICO
SE DEDICA ESTA EDICIÓN DEL
INGENIOSO HIDALGO
DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA
EN PRENDA DE
CARÍÑOSO RECONOCIMIENTO.

In connexion with the *Times* issue of the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, on which we gave some information in our issue of June 11, a curious story is told. The edition appeared in 1876, and its issue

was an undertaking of such magnitude that Mr. Adam Black, who was then of great age, but wedded to business, opposed the enterprise with all his might, and finally sold out his share in the firm rather than be involved in the disaster he feared was inevitable. This story is confirmed by Messrs. A. & C. Black to-day. There was no disaster; on the contrary, the edition was a success. The secret of the present apparently impossible reduction of price from £37 to £14 is, of course, to be found in the fact that the promoters of the reissue are putting five thousand copies of the work on the press in one lot. The binding order, too, is so huge (4,250 sets of twenty-five volumes in half-morocco or full morocco), that the cost falls far below the figure at which it stood when only small successive orders were given out.

DOVE COTTAGE, the little shrine at Grasmere, whither good Wordsworthians bend their steps, has now become doubly and even trebly interesting. For Prof. Knight, of St. Andrews, the editor of the poet's work, has just presented to the trustees of Dove Cottage, for the nation, his collection of Wordsworth memorials. The gift is a handsome one, and it passes into safe and reverent keeping.

MISS MARIE CORELLI has been interviewed by the *Strand Magazine*. Here are a few crumbs from the feast:

"... the bother and invariable disappointment of theatre-going.
... it is not as if we had any great actors worth seeing.
... I would rather stay at home with Camille Flammarion's latest volumes or Clifford Harrison's admirable *Notes on the Margin* essays than see the most famous mime that ever pretended to be what he is not, aided by grease-paint and footlight-glare.
... I have no particular favourites among modern writers.
... my beloved Charles Dickens.
... the critics began it; they threw the first stone.
... and so, being attacked, I defended myself, and it seems I won.
... I am glad of the fight: it has done me good.
... my books will never be sent out for review again.
... over a hundred thousand copies have been sold of each.
... Lord Tennyson was the only great man who ever encouraged me in my work.
... Mr. Stead is answerable for the absurd rumour that I depicted myself as 'Mavis Clare' in *The Sorrows of Satan*—a mistake which he afterwards withdrew, with an apology 'for that and every other injustice' he had done me.
... from hard-working miners in Texas, from Army and Navy men, from hospital nurses, from little children even (who sympathise with Lionel and Jessamine in *The Mighty Atom*), come all sorts of loving and kindly greetings.
... numbers of the native Indian Princes and Rajahs are in constant communication with me.
... abusing me in the press, and telling the public that I only appeal in my books to readers in Camberwell and Brixton!"

"... of course, Camberwell and Brixton must be included in the London radius; and, I believe, the Prince of Wales, who has always been most kindly in his appreciation of my books, has property there."

"... I count among my Royal readers no, I won't tell you the title of the new book."

"... I am afraid it will excite the clergy of all denominations a good deal."

MR. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS has sent home some very readable, although not remarkable, notes on the opening of the American-Spanish war. They will be found in the July *Scribner*. Mr. Davis was on board Admiral Sampson's vessel, and was therefore witness of the firing of the first shot. The fortunate man chosen to discharge it was Ensign Boone. After giving the order, and while awaiting its completion, the Admiral paced up and down the bridge, "looking," says Mr. Davis, "more like a calm and scholarly professor of mathematics than an admiral. For the Admiral is a slow-speaking, quiet-voiced man, who studies intently and thoughtfully the eyes of everyone who addresses him—a man who would meet success or defeat with the same absolute quietness, an intellectual fighter, a man who impresses you as one who would fight and win entirely with his head."

ENSIGN BOONE did his work bravely, and then the fun began. Mr. Davis describes it well. Here is a good passage:

"The ship seemed to work and to fight by herself; you heard no human voice of command, only the grieved tones of Lieutenant Mulligan rising from his smoke-choked deck below, where he could not see to aim his six-inch gun, and from where he begged Lieutenant Marble, again and again, to 'Take your damned smoke out of my way.' Lieutenant Marble was vaulting in and out of his forward turret like a squirrel in a cage. One instant you would see him far out on the deck, where shattered pieces of glass and woodwork eddied like leaves in a hurricane, and the next pushing the turret with his shoulder as though he meant to shove it overboard, and then he would wave his hand to his crew inside, and there would be a racking roar, a parting of air and sea and sky, a flash of flame vomiting black smoke, and he would be swallowed up in it like a wicked fairy in a pantomime. And instantly from the depths below, like the voice of a lost soul, would rise the protesting shriek of Dick Mulligan asking, frantically, 'Oh, WILL you take your damned smoke out of my way!'"

ONE result of the war interest in America, and consequent book-trade depression, is that the publication of Mr. Conan Doyle's *Songs of Action* in that country is being held over for a while. Yet the title has a warlike ring that ought, with skilful advertisement, to carry it even into camp.

THE new controller of *The Idler* will be Mr. Oswald Crawfurd, to whom we wish success in the undertaking. Mr. Crawfurd is a man of unusual energy. *Black and White*, *Chapman's Magazine of Fiction*, the new *London Review*—of all these he has been editor, and until a short time ago he occupied an important position in the publishing house of Messrs. Chapman & Hall. Meanwhile, some curiosity is shown con-

cerning Mr. Dent's intentions. Having collected so much material, and formulated so many plans for the reformed *Idler*, it seems unlikely that, now he has sold it, he should not start a new magazine of his own. Yet only a very bold man would do such a thing at this time.

The Pall Mall Gazette's inquiries into the literary taste of children, which we attempted to assist by our circulars to booksellers last week, have ended. On collating the opinions sent to it our contemporary has arrived at the following results: *Alice in Wonderland* is first favourite. For second place Hans Andersen and Grimm make a dead heat; and the others certainly elected are *Robinson Crusoe*, *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, *Water Babies*, *The Heroes*, the *Jungle Books* (with a preference for the first), *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Arabian Nights*, *Through the Looking Glass*, Louisa M. Alcott's books, *Ivanhoe*, *Masterman Ready*, Mr. Andrew Lang's fairy books, Mrs. Molesworth's books, and Mr. Henty's books.

AMONG the next favourites are the *Swiss Family Robinson*, R. M. Ballantyne's books, Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*, Bible stories, Miss Ewing's books, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Uncle Remus*, *The Talisman*, and *Helen's Babies*. One would have expected Miss Yonge's name to figure in the prize list; but it does not. Nor has *Sandford and Merton* more than one supporter. On the other hand, one child names the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Poetry, we gather, is not particularly welcome in the nursery.

The following letter is considered by the *Pall Mall Gazette's* commissioner the best. The child whose taste is therein described is probably typical. Hence we quote it in full:

"DEAR SIR,—I was very much interested in your article on children's books, as my little girl is very fond of reading, and reads her favourite stories again and again, putting one aside sometimes in favour of another, but always coming back to the old ones. The difficulty about making an ideal list for children is that their tastes alter and grow with their growth. My own child is just six, and has been reading since she was four and a half. When she first began to like stories 'The English Struwwelpeter' was her delight. This was before she could read. Then came fairy tales, then Bible tales, then legends, then heroic tales of great men and great deeds. Animal stories also interest her in a less degree.

The following list is in the order in which the books come in her affections. I judge this by the number of times she reads them and the way in which she seems to live them through for herself. Bible stories, Grimm, 'Perseus' in *The Heroes*, *Tales of the Punjab* (Mrs. Steel), *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Gulliver*, 'Odysseus' in Cox's *Tales of the Gods and Heroes*, *Hiawatha* (Alderson), *The Pink Fairy Book*, *Stumps*, *Aesop's Fables*, Macaulay's *Horatius*, *Uncle Remus*, *Swiss Family Robinson*, *Katawampus*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Live Toys*, *Near Home*, or *Europe Described*, *Far Off*, or *Asia Described*, *Stories from British History*, by York Powell, *Les Malheurs de Sophie*, 'John Gilpin', 'Pied Piper of Hamelin'. The books she does not like and will not read are *Alice in Wonderland*, serial stories in maga-

zines, and all those of the kind we used to call 'gutter stories,' such as *A Peep Behind the Scenes*, *Jessica's First Prayer*. She also dislikes allegories where the hero comes to grief. I may add that the Bible stories she reads in the 'Peep of Day' series; she loves them best of all, her favourites being 'Joseph,' 'Moses,' 'Crossing the Red Sea,' 'Siege of Jericho,' 'David,' 'The Crucifixion,' and 'The Resurrection.' The story of the 'Crucifixion' used to be altogether too painful to her. She would cry bitterly over it. She also cries over 'Hiawatha.' 'Bishop Hatto' is a poem she read once, and will never look at or hear it mentioned if she can help it. I remember when a child hating the poem about Llewelyn and Gelert. It made me shudder and I hated to think of it in bed. One more word about lists. Would this child have liked the books I have mentioned if she had been started with the usual domestic sort? These are the books we have given her, and she has had very few modern tales.—I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

N. H. BROWN."

In an article on the new writer, "Zack," Claudio Clear of the *British Weekly* gave currency last week to a story he had heard to the effect that Miss Gwendoline Keats ("Zack") refrains from signing her works with her own name lest she should be compared with John Keats. He also made the bold suggestion that the first 241 pages of her book, *Life is Life*, were so inferior that they could not be from "Zack's" unaided pen, but were the result of collaboration. To the first suggestion Miss Keats replies: "Comparison [with John Keats] was not in my mind, but a natural veneration for a name which I felt belonged in literature to the poet alone." To the second suggestion Miss Keats replies: "I have no collaborator, and am as responsible for the 241 pages that he condemns as for the eighty pages that he praises."

MESSRS. LONGMANS & Co. have begun the issue of their "Albany" edition of Lord Macaulay's complete works with two volumes of the *History*. The new edition is issued at three-and-sixpence the volume, and we imagine that the demand for it will be great, for the number of people who are still champions of the Whig historian is very large. Moreover, the volumes are admirably produced. The binding is simple and dignified, and the print is of the clearest. Each volume contains a frontispiece portrait, selected by Mr. Lionel Cust, Director of the National Portrait Gallery, some of which will be reproduced for the first time.

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. are issuing a set of four art plates of great merit to the readers of the *Saturday Journal* for certain coupons and a nominal charge of sixpence. The plates selected are reproductions of four well-known paintings: Mr. Dendy Sadler's "A Good Story," now in the National Gallery of British Art at Millbank; Mr. Briton Rivière's "Companions in Misfortune"; Sir J. E. Millais's "Mercy: St. Bartholomew's Day"; and Mr. George W. Joy's "Wellington's first Encounter with the French."

A FRENCH LITERARY CAFÉ.

IN the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, a continuation of the Rue Mazarine, there is a café which has more illustrious tradition than any other café in Europe. François Procope, the founder, was a rolling stone; he had been through Germany, the Low Countries, Italy and Turkey, and in 1689, when he settled once more in his native Paris, he bethought him of opening a place on the plan of those he had seen in Constantinople, where men could drink coffee, play cards and chess, and discuss the topics of the day. He selected the Rue des Fosses de St. Germain as a favourable spot—it was in the midst of the Quartier Latin, and scholars, professors, actors, high lords and ladies lived in the immediate neighbourhood—but what told most in its favour was that Molière had opened the Comédie Française in the same street. The aristocratic *monde* which haunted the green-room of the new playhouse was pleased to patronise the Café, and it became the fashion to adjourn to Procope's to talk of literature, music, and the arts; and the Café became the rendezvous of all that was great in French politics and *belles lettres*.

The street is little changed now, except in title; the Rue des Fosses de St. Germain has disappeared, and is now known as the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie; but the Café Procope presents almost the same appearance as when, two hundred and nine years ago, it first opened its doors to the public. Portraits of its most illustrious *habitués* hang on the walls, and emblazoned on the threshold are the names of the mighty dead who once held revel there:

Molière.	Danton.
Jean-Jacques Rousseau.	Marat.
Fréron.	Robespierre.
J. B. Rousseau.	Bonaparte.
L'Abbé Prevost.	Talleyrand.
Desfontaines.	D'Holbach.
Grimm.	Fabre d'Eglantine.
Diderot.	La Harpe.
Beaumarchais.	Hébert.
Voltaire.	Vergniaud.
Piron.	Alfred de Musset.
Condorcet.	Charles Cros.
D'Alembert.	Gambetta.
Mirabeau.	Paul Verlaine.
Desmoulins.	

The barbers' shops had been the great abode of gossip ere the cafés opened, and literary men were not ashamed to idle away a whole day at the perruquiers, because it was the only place at which they could meet. But they speedily deserted the barbers for Procope's Café, where the greatest philosophers of the day were to be seen and heard. If we may credit the Abbé Desfontaines, our literary gentlemen were in no hurry to end their discussions. In the *Dictionnaire Néologique* the Abbé says that "at the Café Procope a discussion on harmony lasted for over eleven months." The Abbé himself was too modest to take part in the debate. He sat under the counter and industriously took notes. One day, he tells us, he heard a "bel esprit" affirm

"that Molière never knew how to write a tragedy, that he had more good sense than wit, that everything he had done was a copy from

the ancients, and in all his vast repertory he had not one original character."

This theory seems to have passed as gospel with these worthy critics, for it was written out in a fair hand and fastened to the chimney-pipe. The French Academy did not seem to find favour in their eyes. The Abbé Desfontaines, who was an enthusiastic *habitué* of the Café from the first, said to a member of the Academy who had strayed within the walls of the Procope:

" You have one member of the illustrious company who has not written anything, and who never will, and yet who is capable of doing so. Nevertheless, he should prefer the Café Procope to the meetings of the Académie Française, because at the Café, at least, they talk about literature."

This may have been the witty Due de Richelieu, who sighed at being elected one of "the forty most stupid men in France."

Voltaire was very advanced in years when he first came to the Café Procope. The rehearsals of "Irène" were taking place at the theatre opposite; after they were over he entered the Café to smoke and listen to the group of *causieurs* who, however, were a little abashed by his presence. For the worship of Voltaire had almost grown into a religion. He had quarrelled with Piron over some trifle or other, and the dispute had lasted twenty years. One day the two enemies met in the Café. The crowd looked curiously to see what would happen, but Piron simply grasped Voltaire's hand, and swore that he could no longer retain malice against one who was the greatest glory of contemporary literature. Voltaire was so touched at this that he embraced his former enemy, while the crowd, with true Gallic enthusiasm, cried out, "Vive Voltaire! Vive Piron!"

Voltaire became very fond of Procope's. He went there to write his letters and gossip. A special table was kept apart for him, and while he lived it was treated with great care. Of its ultimate fate more anon.

Jean Jacques Rousseau first came to the famous Café during the rehearsals of "Devin de Village." The first public performance was a great success. Condorcet was present and applauded vigorously; but at the end he became so enthusiastic that he seized Rousseau, hoisted him on his shoulders, and in this guise carried him to the Café Procope, crying loudly, "Vive la musique française!"

As time went on, the Procope became one of the hotbeds of Jacobin doctrines. The Jacobin club was held but a few paces away, in a building now used as a school of medicine, and, after the members had finished their meeting, they went to the Café to hold another. The most vehement speakers were Georges Jacques Danton, Camille Desmoulins, Maximilien Robespierre, and Fabre d'Eglantine. Mirabeau had ceased coming to the Café as the opinions expressed there were a little too violent for him. Desmoulins, while in the Café Procope, conceived the idea of wearing the *bonnet rouge* as a cap of liberty. Marat was so enchanted with the idea that he would never wear other head-gear, and it must have been a curious spectacle to see him with his fierce face half-

covered by a Phrygian cap leaning over a chess-board, while Danton, who in the beginning was a bit of a fop, with periwig, white silk stock, and double-laced coat, regarded him with undisguised amusement.

On the morning of the fall of the monarchy a riot broke out on the Boulevard St. Germain, compelling many persons to seek refuge in the cafés. Three women entered the Café Procope almost simultaneously. They stared at one another, bowed silently, and retreated to different corners of the Café. So well they might, for they were representatives of the opposing doctrines of the day, and their names—Mme. Roland, Lucie Desmoulins, and Mme. Danton—are viewed with some pity, even to-day. Sometimes a pale, thin young man entered the rooms, sat down in a corner, and drank his café in silence. He took snuff in large quantities, and contemplated the other *habitues* with an air of timid respect. One day he found that he had forgotten his purse. He stammered this fact to the waiter, said that his name was Napoleon Buonaparte, and that he lived in the Quai Conti hard by. He insisted on leaving his hat as a gage for his return. In a few minutes he returned, paid for his coffee, and was allowed to depart with his hat. History is silent as to whether he gave the waiter an extra tip or not.

Thanks to the Jacobin *habitues* of the Café, I regret to say, Procope's became tumultuous. They practically seized the place, and drove away all those who were not of the faith. Voltaire's table was dragged to the door, and from this coign of vantage speeches were given, and the crowd inflamed to even wilder deeds of vengeance. One day, as Hébert was thundering away at the aristocracy and the Girondins, he brought down his heavy heel on the table with such force as to shatter its marble surface. The table was piously repaired; but I cannot help thinking that Hébert was deemed guilty of sacrilege, and that the *pièces de conviction* which secured his death were the fragments of the sacred table.

When the revolution had calmed down the Café resumed its old philosophical aspect, Talleyrand was one of its regular *habitues* and his bitter cynicism was one of the features of its *causeries*.

But during the First Empire and the Restoration the Procope seems to have lost some of its glories. The Café de la Régence, the Café Madrid, and others of the cafés in the Rue St. Honoré and the *grands boulevards* became the centre of attraction. The Quartier Latin was no longer a residential quarter. The great families were flocking towards the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, the Faubourg St. Germain cursed the rebel traditions of the Café, so the *habitues* of the Procope became less and less known to fame. A Chateaubriand, a Lamartine might give an occasional visit, but the salons of the great and rich families had thrown open their doors and men went there to talk instead of to a café.

Alfred de Musset revived the Procope's splendour for awhile. He came very often, said brilliant things, none of which, unhappily, are recorded, and wrote some of his poems there. There is a line in one of De

Musset's poems, which attests his love for the old Café :

" Je joue aux dominos quelquefois chez Procope."

A few years later we find Gustave Aimard, the celebrated writer of Indian stories, organising a series of re-unions there. With him were Clement Privé, the author of the ballad "La Truie qui file," Carjat, Jean Lubin, Goudeau, and a crowd of others better known to Parisians of the last generation than English readers of this; and among them was that very fine yet unfortunate poet Charles Cros. If I mistake not, many of the poems in *Le Coffre de Santal* were written at the old Café. Cros is known but to the few, yet he had poetic genius of the highest order, and his "L'Archet" is equal to any song by De Musset. Then Rodolphe Salis crossed over to Montmartre, taking with him a band of the minor poets of the Procope. Cros went with them, and it was this detachment of the intellectual strength of the Procope which founded the famous Chat Noir. Emile Goudeau, Jules Jouy, Raoul Ponchon, all children of the Rive Gauche, soon made the fortune of Montmartre.

Nevertheless the Procope was not quite exhausted. It still had a turbulent poet, who yet sang most musically, and who called himself Paul Verlaine. Jean Richepin was making that remarkable series of wanderings through Paris at midnight which culminated in the Beggars' Bible, *La Chanson des Gueux*, and he often entered the Café to smoke and play dominoes.

But Verlaine was a more regular client. He was already the fallen angel of literature. He made the Café his home during those intervals in which he was separated from Eugénie, wrote poems and articles and begging letters, and held receptions there, and the greatest in the land went to shake his hand, call him *cher maître*, and the greatest lyrical poet France had produced since De Musset and De Banville. Verlaine's plays were often produced at the Café, and he must have reaped a good harvest. He contributed to the journal published at the Procope, sometimes writing a poem, other times doing a pen-and-ink sketch. His vagabond life is known to everyone, and is outside the scope of this brief article.

Laurent Tailhade was the next great poetic figure in the Café. He favoured the Anarchists in opinions, but a tragic-comic incident changed this. Our poet was at the Café Véron and was maintaining a vigorous argument to the effect that bombs had great moral as well as physical force. At that very moment a bomb was hurled into the Café. It exploded beside Tailhade's chair, severely wounding him. He had to be carried home, but it was noticed at the Café Procope that his revolutionary vigour had somewhat abated.

At present the old Café is under an intellectual cloud. The strongest of its poets is Jean Sévère, the author of *Poesies Humaines*. Robert B. Douglas, the author of *Madame Dubarry*, is a frequent visitor, but the French element is decidedly weak, despite the efforts of its proprietor, Théo de Bellefond, to revive its old glories. M. Théo, as he is popularly styled, has a fund of literary anecdote, and it is to him that I owe many of the particulars which I have cited.

MARLOWE VERSUS BACON.

(SHAKESPEARE INTERVENING.)

"It is not for any man to measure—above all, it is not for any workman in the field of tragic poetry lightly to take on himself the responsibility or the authority to pronounce what it is that Christopher Marlowe could not have done." So wrote Mr. Swinburne in his *Study of Shakespeare*. But there are men who refuse to be daunted in this way, men of courage and resource, to whom the search for truth is a passion and a joy. Such a man is Mr. Wilbur Gleason Zeigler, whose work, *It was Marlowe: a Story of the Secret of Three Centuries* (Kegan Paul & Co), lies before us. Herein Mr. Zeigler, backed by his wife and his mother, lightly takes on himself the responsibility or the authority to pronounce what it is that Christopher Marlowe did do. Briefly stated, Marlowe's achievement was to write the plays with which Bacon's name is usually associated.

Henceforward, we presume, American sceptics will desert the flag of Donelly for that of Zeigler, Bacon for Marlowe. And we, we shall follow them; for, after reading Mr. Zeigler's convincing page, it is beyond our understanding how we ever could have thought seriously of Shakespeare as a great mind at all. As Mr. Zeigler points out, how could a man who had written these plays have composed a will which not only made no mention of them, but descended to such trivialities as the bequest of a second best bed and wearing apparel—a will (as Mr. Zeigler finely says) which might have been "conceived by a tiller of the soil whose eyes had never been raised above his plow handles?" That settles it. Neither Shakespeare nor Bacon having named the plays in his will, neither Shakespeare nor Bacon was the author of them. Who, then, was? It was Marlowe.

It happened thus. The issue of a warrant for Marlowe's arrest on a charge of blasphemy made it necessary for him to vanish for a while, and leave not only his theatrical associates, but also Mistress Anne Crossford, daughter of Manuel Crossford of Canterbury, a lady with whom he had had passages. On returning, with some secrecy, he arranged again to visit her. The place was the Golden Hind, at Deptford, whither Marlowe repaired on the first of June, 1593. There he found some comrades, among them Francis Frazer, nicknamed the Count, and with them he drank and gamed. At the hour appointed for the assignation, Marlowe retired stealthily and sought the lady's apartment. He had been there but a short time when Frazer suddenly entered, drew his sword, and bade Marlowe prepare for death. At that moment two discoveries were made: Marlowe (whom his American champion will not allow a single redeeming vice) discovered that during his absence Anne, who had omitted to mention the detail, had become Mrs. Frazer, while Mrs. Frazer discovered that Marlowe and her husband were exactly alike. On the melodramatic stage such resemblances are of the highest value: Mr. Zeigler shows them to be also useful in real life; for the outcome of the duel being the death of

Frazer, Marlowe's course was simplicity itself—he had but to exchange clothes with the corpse, and, hastening as Frazer from the inn, leave Anne to spread the news of Marlowe's demise in an affair of honour.

Marlowe then proceeded to the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, where William Shakespeare, George Peele, and Christopher Tamworth, a lawyer, were seated in the room which served as Peele's home. There his future was discussed with energy. Marlowe's attitude was philosophical:

"'Tis well,' he said, 'that this has happened. Without it what could have stayed me from wasting the hours which henceforth can be spent only in intellectual effort? Now the devil is chained. I cannot even sell my soul to him. The world with its temptations lieth as distant as the fields of Trasymene. Is it not a subject for congratulation? What campaigns may I not enter? what conquests may I not gain? . . . Are not the impediments to studious application and undisturbed contemplation removed? For twenty, thirty—yea, forty or fifty—years, what is before me but the opportunity to produce immortal and transcendent work? Nay, give me ten years in solitude, then dread force, and under my hand all form, all thought, shall find expression in written words!'

He fell forward on the table with outstretched arms and clenched hands. Shakespeare lifted him up; pityingly brushed back the hair from his face, and said: 'Forget the matter for a moment.'

No other words were spoken. Still the rain pattered on the window opening towards St. Michael's, and no sounds came up from the narrow walks in Crooked Lane.

At length Tamworth broke the silence. 'I do not doubt, dear Kit, that whatever may be thy aim, thy arrow will reach. But life cannot be maintained without capital or revenue. Your design being linked with an ambition for personal immortality precludes the publication of thy productions till after thy death, or when hope of life is gone. Now, where will come the fund for thy maintenance?'

'Thou canst not appear as an actor,' suggested Shakespeare.

'And neither can the works you may produce be sold as thine,' said Peele.

'Could they not be sold under someone else's name?' asked Marlowe. 'At the proper time their authorship could be confessed and established.'

'But in whose name?' queried Peele.

'Why not thine; at least temporarily?'

'Bah!' ejaculated Peele. 'I could not pass thy dramas off as mine. The style, my dear fellow, the style. Henslowe would at once say, "What, Peele, this thy drama? Marry, and where didst thou steal this new fire? Off with thee: it is none of thine. Leave it. I will look up the older dramatists, Greek and Latin, from which I ween thou hast taken it entire."

'Then why not as thine, Shakespeare?'

'Mine!' exclaimed Shakespeare, shaking with laughter which he could not control. 'Greater objections than those stated by Peele would arise. Only a few years ago I held horses before the Curtain and Theatre. I write a play. Ho! Ho!'

He laughed so heartily that Tamworth joined with him.'

None the less, it was arranged that Shakespeare should wear the giant's robe, and that Marlowe should live in a secret chamber in a building in the Old Jewry, and turn out the plays from there. Tamworth would copy them, and the world would applaud them as Shakespeare's.

Disregarding Mr. Zeigler's efforts to pad out his romance to the customary length with extraneous matter, let us look next at a scene towards the end where Shakespeare and Peele find it necessary to remonstrate with Marlowe for being so confoundedly Marlowish. They convict him of repeating himself. "Titus Andronicus," they point out, is full of echoes of "Tamburlaine" and "Edward II."

"Now, in the same play [“*Titus Andronicus*”], says Peele, ‘thou hast given us the very echo of Tamburlaine and his queen Zenocrate. The scene where Tamora first appears to the emperor is couched in identical language with the one where Zenocrate is given the crown by the king; and again in the first act of the first part of *Henry VI.*, you treat the death of Joan in the same manner as you do the death of Zenocrate. No servile imitator could have more carefully copied his master.’"

'His very trick of hand,' drawled Shakespeare.

Marlowe did not reply, but continued a rapt listener while his friend went on with increasing ardour:

'In Act II. of “*Titus Andronicus*” you write of the golden sun galloping “the zodiac in his glistening coach,” as though in your ears still rattled “ugly darkness with her rusty coach,” as you have described the night in Act V. of the first part of “*Tamburlaine*,” and again in “*Edward II.*” If thou must take the most striking passages of thy “*Tamburlaine*,” and cut from them scraps and pieces upon which to pad out these later dramas, thou should be more circumspect in their use. If thou art not, one of two things will surely follow: thy friend here, who stands as thy mask, will be dubbed a plagiarist of vilest sort, or all these plays will be proclaimed thine.'"

Peele also urges Marlowe to change his manner and take Faustus for the model of a drama of stern and darkened life. "Shall it be tragedy?" "Yes, the darkest picture of thy mind." "My own bitter experiences?" And Peele agrees; "and so the figure of the melancholy Dane arose." Is it not simple, the Zeigler method?

The book closes with the production of "Hamlet" and a conversation between Ben Jonson and Thomas Nash. Here is a fragment:

"The second scene of Act I. was in progress, and at its close Nash, who appeared to be the better posted, said:

'Didst ever hear of Marlowe's play of Edward II.?'

'Yes, years ago at this theatre.'

'Dost thou remember the characters of Spencer?'

'I do,' answered Jonson.

'When he says:

"'Tis not a black coat and a little band,

A velvet-caped cloak faced before with serge?'"

'And what of that?' interrupted the other.

'What! Why have you not just heard Hamlet say:

"'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suit of solemn black?'"

Examine at thy leisure the entire passages.'

'Tis plagiarism!' ejaculated Jonson, ever ready to decry the works of another.

'Or —' began Nash.

"Hamlet" was written by Marlowe,' interrupted Jonson.'

There is nothing for the unprejudiced reader to do but agree with Ben. It was Marlowe.

ANATOLE FRANCE AT HOME.

THE author of *Lys Rouge* lives in the Villa Said, one of a long row of houses in a little *impasse* off the Bois de Boulogne, scarce a stone's throw from M. Henri Rochefort's dwelling in the Villa Dupont.

M. France goes very rarely into society, but every Thursday his doors are thrown open to his friends, and from half-past nine in the morning until three o'clock, with the exception of a few minutes for lunch, he receives a constant stream of visitors—friends and journalists. By the latter phrase I do not mean to insinuate that Anatole France chooses his friends outside the Fourth Estate, but that the greater part of the journalists who call are personally unknown to him. They come for "interviews," to talk about Elzevirs and rare editions, and the lore of books. All receive a cordial welcome.

The first time that I had the pleasure of calling on M. France I was a little amused by the *négligé* of the famous Academician's dress. He wore a loose jacket, a fez cap, light trousers, and his feet were encased in carpet slippers. He was puffing contentedly at a huge meerschaum pipe with the air of a busy man who means to give himself a holiday.

It is only when you come in close contact with M. France that you understand his great popularity with all manner of men. His character may be summed up in the words "cultured geniality." As one gazes at the high intelligent forehead, the kindly gray eyes, the aquiline nose, the large mobile mouth, the resolute chin, one feels, despite the charm of the man's bearing, that one is in the presence of a personality. His accent is scarcely what one would term Parisian; indeed, for a foreigner it is a little difficult to follow. But after a few moments my ear became attuned, and I listened with enthusiastic appreciation to the flood of anecdote about books and men that flowed from the great writer's lips. For M. France has none of that nervousness which is so discomforting to the rare few who are received at M. Zola's house in the Rue de Bruxelles. Zola can never forget that he is, above all, a writer; he impresses this on his visitors, with the result that it is very rarely that they are perfectly at their ease. I speak for others, as well as myself, having compared notes with journalistic friends who have entered the circle of M. Zola's acquaintance. But when one is listening to Anatole France the writer is forgotten, and the visitor is conscious of one thing only—that he is in the presence of a cultured, kindly gentleman.

His personal appearance does not suggest in any way that he is one of the greatest lights in contemporary French literature. His face is more like that of some sea-captain, browned by a tropical sun, than the countenance of a scholar who is an erudit among the erudite. But his conversation betrays the antiquarian and the bookworm. He quotes liberally. Voltaire, Hugo, Sainte Beuve, Chateaubriand, and Lamartine are at his fingers' ends. It is this knowledge of French classical writings which makes him

an accepted authority in all matters pertaining to French literature.

He was not alone the morning that I called. Two visitors, each with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour in his coat, were with him, and they were discussing the interesting question as to which was the best book written by M. France. After each had given his opinion the author said: "Well, if I may judge my own work—although it is difficult to do that without prejudice—I think *Lys Rouge* is my best book." This, as it happens, is the novel by which M. France is best known in England. But the author's modesty makes him escape from the question of his own work.

"So you are going to have 'Cyrano de Bergerac' at London," he said. "I would very much like to see Irving in the part. I saw him in 'Faust.' I consider him to be one of the greatest actors I have ever seen."

One of the visitors, whose name I had not caught, insisted that Irving, although undoubtedly a great actor, was a little *bizarre* in his pronunciation. He appealed to me, and I had to admit that some English critics have said the same thing.

"*Tiens!*" exclaimed M. France. "I never knew that. I always thought that his elocution was equal to his fine acting. Not that we in Paris, above all at the Comédie Française, are free from sin in that respect. Our actors, those at the Comédie Française especially, are too pedantic, too stiff in their diction. Some of them seem to forget that French speech has changed a little since Louis Quatorze. Nevertheless, we have many great actors. Now, if you have Irving we have Coquelin."

The visitors join in a paean in honour of Coquelin—Coquelin in "Ruy Blas," Coquelin in "Gingoire," in "Cyrano." I turned the conversation again towards England:

"You have, also, Beerbohm Tree," said one of the visitors.

"And Forbes-Robertson —" I suggested.

"H'm! Forbes-Robertson in a romantic part, yes! But at times he gives one the impression of being too forced, too elaborate. Yet you never get that impression with Tree."

"Apropos of actors," said M. France, "for aught that some may think to the contrary, we are very chaste on the stage here. Our actors and actresses never kiss each other, and the stage embrace is a very poor thing to the real affair. But your actors and actresses may have more liberty."

Gladstone's personality was then discussed. Strange that most French authors—Huysmans, Coppée, Zola, Rochefort, and M. France—always associate Mr. Gladstone with the Irish question, and ignore his other work! The following opinions on contemporary French literature which M. France gave me are not without interest:

"Huysmans has very great talent. He is easily first of the Mystic School. His approaching entry into a monastery will be quite in keeping with his work of the last few years. Jean Richepin is another writer who has enormous talent. I did not care much for 'Le Chemineau,' but 'Le Martyre' I believe to be a very fine play indeed. I do not think that any work which Richepin has written since is equal to 'La Chanson des Gueux.' This wonderful book is unique."

There you have a side of French life and character which no other writer has adequately given. But as a writer on other subjects, although Richepin is very erudit, he has not the freshness and charm which he displayed in 'La Chanson des Gueux.' The most notable success of modern years from the play-writer's point of view is Rostand's 'Cyrano de Bergerac.' Rostand is a very delicate and charming writer, and his best work is before him. Despite some gloomy critics, I believe that French literature has lost none of its charm. We have a huge army of young writers, all with talent, some with genius. It is to them that I look to France maintaining her *premier place* in contemporary literature."

C. A. H.

ALAS!

It was impossible to doubt the genuineness of the Brontë relics at Sotheby's last Saturday. There was a deadly veracity about the hassock from the Brontë pew that vouches for all the rest. A more abject, a more down-trodden, hassock was never taken to a mid-century lumber-room. Yet the knees of the sisters had impressed it with no market value; it won not a single bid. Indeed, these relics, which had so long slept at Haworth, made a pitiful show. The glamour that should have fallen on Charlotte Brontë's crude drawing exercises, on her worn portfolio, on her doll's cradle, on the faded shawls, and strips of carpet, and cheap ornaments, and tea-pots, and on Patrick Brontë's snuff-box, seemed lacking. Only twenty people or so were present—dealers mostly.

Charlotte's conventional little water-colour drawings of flowers fetched but a few shillings each. Some better sketches were bought at prices approaching a sovereign, and a spirited water-colour drawing of her dog, Floss, chasing a bird, signed by Charlotte Brontë, suddenly fetched £12. Charlotte Brontë's shawl brought 16s. A patchwork quilt worked by her, but unfinished, was good for 22s. Two jugs—ordinary—from the vestry of old Haworth Church fetched a shilling each. There was a box of china from the home, an odd cup or two, a plate, a cream jug: these went for 4s.; but two family pewter tea-pots were put back unsold.

Oh ye Brontë worshippers, your loyalty was measured last Saturday and it was found wanting. Else surely Charlotte's wine-glass, in which she always kept a wild flower, had fetched five times the five shillings that were paid for it. Her morocco work-case too, her tiny work-box with a pin-cushion and a seal in it, and her tortoiseshell card-case would have been valued at more than ten shillings for the three.

Several bidders were taken with a little wooden box that had a pictured lid, in which Charlotte kept buckles and ribbons (it still held these things); this brought 15s. A cameo brooch sold for 26s., and a blue enamel thimble-case for a like sum. Charlotte Brontë's doll's cradle, a little bare oval basket, was put on the table without a smile and taken from it without a bid. Two wisps of her hair were put up, and

the only Brontë specialist present bought them for £1 14s. and £3 4s.

Some of the Rev. Patrick Brontë's things were offered; they sold for small sums. Two pairs of his silver-rimmed spectacles fetched 10s., his snuff-box 3s., his steel fob chain and watch-key 8s., his surplice box 2s.

The theory of relics was pushed pretty far: two pew doors from Haworth Church went at a shilling each. A strip of carpet from the Brontë pew was desired of another, and he had it for 2s.

The best "lot," J. H. Thompson's portrait in oils of Charlotte Brontë, the mirror of an alert and wistful woman, was withdrawn with a frown when ten shillings was bid and none bettered the offer.

The proceedings were not so dismal as somnolent. The bidding was by sign and nod, and in the still room the voice from the rostrum rippled and swerved like a fountain. In an hour the properties of the saddest literary drama of modern times had been taken without eagerness or left without pity.

PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

A LITTLE while ago I was startled by seeing in a London contemporary mention of Daniel Lesueur as a candidate for the mantle of George Sand. On the strength of this more than extraordinary statement, I was induced to read that lady's last and most successful novel, *Lèvres Closes*. The book possesses not a single feature to lift it above the level of cheap and amorous fiction. For those who like that sort of reading—well-written, carefully composed trash—it is suitable company on a railway journey, but to speak of Daniel Lesueur in the same breath as the great and glorious George, the woman of generous intellect and magnificent genius, is to write oneself down as nothing less than a criminal among critics. We cannot read George Sand now, because we have become too eager and complex, too greedy and subtle and excited. But we remember how we once loved her. She belongs to the radiant morning of life, she wrote when the world was fresher and more romantic, when the century was sixty years younger. But it is not because she is out of fashion that her prose is less beautiful or her genius undiminished, and one cannot in cold blood permit that vulgar and tempestuous drivellers shall be pushed into a spurious equality with her.

The heroine of Gyp's new book is a little girl, Miquette, the pendant of the little Bob. She is very funny, but not altogether the shrieking farce the delightful Bob was. Gyp has written so much since then, not fewer than fifty books all of the same kind, and fifty funny books in half a lifetime are quite enough to wear out the most inexhaustible spirits. Gyp's light and amiable irony finds its pleasure in revealing the modern cynicism of Parisian childhood with an equal wit, contempt and surety of touch displayed in her quick and vital studies of fashionable men and women. Miquette, like Bob, has an extraordinary vocabulary and a fund of

still more extraordinary ideas. Asked to amuse a little fellow of her own age, she proceeds to catechise him:

"Then she's Italian, your mother?" she remarks. "It's grandmother who's Italian," the little boy replies.

"Grandmother Swim? *Tiens!* that doesn't sound like an Italian name, Swim?" "Because it's Irish. Grandfather Swim is Irish."

"Ah, then it's not astonishing that you are lazy," muses Miquette.

"Why isn't it astonishing?" "Because all the Irish are idlers."

Here I must explain an unconscious pun on the part of Mlle. Miquette, aged eight. Fenian is pronounced in French very much like *fainéant*, "idler," which Miquette pronounces *fainéant*.

"Yes, whenever they talk politics, that is very often, you know, they are always talking of the idlers of Ireland."

[After a while.] "Has he a lazier air than others, your grandpapa?" "I haven't noticed. I'll ask him."

"No, no, better not. Don't say I said it either, or I'll be scolded."

"Do they scold you much?" "Normously. Above all, when I am not polite with strangers, 'cause they know I don't like them, and they don't trust me."

"And the rest of your people, do they like strangers?" "No, but they wish us to be polite to them, just as if they did, and even more so, says grandpapa, or else you are a *mufle* [untranslatable, unless 'bounder' will do], and you understand I don't want to be a *mufle*."

"What's a *mufle*?" asks the child. "I don't quite know. I think it's a street-boy dressed up as a gentleman."

These little Parisians are "up to date" with a vengeance. Their favourite games are the burning of the Bazaar of Charity, the Greek and Turkish war, and now, of course, the war of Spain and America.

"I'm the Greeks," shouts Jean.

LOLLOTTE: "No, you're the Turks."

"I won't be the Turks."

"Nor I."

MIQUETTE (conciliating): "Well, I'll be them."

LOLLOTTE (with horror): "Oh!"

JEAN (with disgust): "Oh, she wants to be the Turks."

MIQUETTE: "But since somebody must be the Turks."

LOLLOTTE: "That's true. (*Generously.*) Then let's be them together."

Here are babies who do not share the political sympathies of the ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Hanotaux, the Sultan's distinguished admirer.

A collection of stories by M. Raymond Aynard, *Ames Rêcluses*, has attracted some attention lately. The first tale is without doubt the best—*La Belle et la Bête*. There is nothing particularly striking in the characterisation; but the central idea is both fresh and ingenious. M. and Mme. Terret are commonplace, rather vulgar bourgeois, fired with a natural desire to marry their only daughter, Suzanne, advantageously. She is educated at the Sacred Heart, and nourishes a secret vocation for religious life. She is a sweet and serious girl, suddenly troubled by the proposals of the young Count de la Sauve. The parents are enchanted at the prospect of seeing their

daughter one day a countess, but are quick enough to suspect that there must be some skeleton in the count's cupboard to make his aunt so anxious for the marriage. The young count is a helpless idiot in the hands of an aunt who worships him pathetically as the last of a great race. The originality of the situation is skilfully treated. The girl, who hated the idea of marriage while she regarded the count as a good match, is gradually drawn under the influences of the austere old maid, and learns to share her enthusiastic pity for this blighted remains of a great house. The parents, horrified when confronted with an idiot son-in-law, want to break off all relations, and to their surprise the once reluctant bride now clings passionately to her singular fiancé.

In his defence of Alfred Capus, with whose novels I am unacquainted, but of which his social ironies in the *Figaro* permit me to form a good notion, M. Georges Pellissier, in his clever *Études de Littérature Contemporaine* (which I recommended in my last letter), remarks appropriately of the modern novel: "In our youth we were forbidden the reading of novels as too light; soon it will have to be forbidden for fear of over-work." M. Pellissier naturally finds it a refreshment to turn from the ponderous works of Bourget and Barrés to the witty and genial froth of Alfred Capus.

H. L.

THE BOOK MARKET.

NOVELS AND NOVEL-READERS.

A BOOKSELLER'S LAMENT.

A REPRESENTATIVE of the ACADEMY dropped into a seaside bookseller's the other day, and talked to him about his Circulating Library. This consisted almost entirely of novels, but it was a large and representative collection, and the coming and going of subscribers was almost ceaseless. After surveying the shelves, and watching the exchanges, our representative concluded that Mr. —— ought to have opinions on novels and novel readers; and he begged an interview. In the course of a long chat he asked Mr. —— :

"Do your subscribers, as a rule, come to you knowing exactly what novel they want to borrow, or do they browse round and take what strikes their fancy at the moment?"

"Well, they mostly leave their choosing to me. My business is to find out the taste of each subscriber, and satisfy it as nearly as I can; and I have little difficulty in doing this. Some people seem quite indifferent as to what they read: it is a common thing for a man to wave his hand around the shelves and say, 'Got any new ones?' For such people a book need only be new. Another man will walk in and say: 'Ah, give me a book—you know my style!' Probably he likes a sensational story, or a detective romance; the more exciting the better. I give it to him. A lady will say to me: 'Keep me a book for to-morrow,' meaning, of course,

a novel. I keep her 'a book.' One lady, who pays a special subscription, reads novels by the score, and communicates with me by postcard. She never asks for a novel by name; she simply asks for another lot to be sent. Her taste is for society and 'smart' novels, and I have only to make up a parcel."

"But surely you have epicures, who follow certain authors, or in some way make their novel-reading an intelligent study?"

"Some, yes: a few. Most of my customers are content to read what is going. Their tastes differ only in choosing certain broad classes of novels in preference to other broad classes."

"Oh, then, what class of novel do you find most in demand at the present time?"

"I should say—the 'smart novel.' My daily persistent demand is for any sort of novel with warmly coloured descriptions, and dubious situations. We cannot keep them out of the library. All we can do is to use a certain discretion in lending them. But one can exercise only a very partial control."

"Well, but take the sound romantic novels of Mr. Hope, Mr. Crockett, Mr. Weyman, and half a dozen more writers. I should have thought these were most in favour."

"They are very well read and liked; but I must stick to my opinion that the taste of the public in novel-reading is at present a low one. I tell you that the change that has come over novels in the last twenty years has been much for the worse. The three-volume, thirty-one and sixpenny novel, was usually a finer, and a cleaner, and an infinitely more durable story than its six-shilling successor. And people read novels properly in those days. Now they gormandise them. I have one man who takes two or three novels a day from me; he reads all the trash that comes out and is useful to me as a taster. Scores of my customers take two or three novels a week steadily. Fifteen years ago we re-bound our novels several times over. Now, few novels have more than a few months' demand. They are read and forgotten. But Trollope, what a novelist he was! He is on the top shelf now. We have no demand here for Scott, and Dickens, and Thackeray, and Jane Austen, and Lord Lytton. We keep their novels, but they stay on the shelves. Novel-readers have deteriorated. I can see this even in individual cases. I could name one man in this town, a retired professional man, whom I have supplied with books for twenty years: once he would read nothing that was not good; now he will read nothing that is not sensational."

"You make serious charges."

"Yes. But I am handing out novels all day and every day. We are inundated with second and third rate stuff. What I miss is the good lasting novel. Not that people deserve it. Some of the older men can still hold their ground—Marion Crawford. Some can not: it is a shame that William Black's novels should be ousted from favour by rubbish."

Drama.

COQUELIN AS CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

PERHAPS we had all been expecting a little too much of "Cyrano de Bergerac"; but, undeniably, the feeling with which the first-night public left the Lyceum performance was one, not exactly of disappointment—that would be too strong a word—but of mild surprise that so much store should have been set upon M. Rostand's work. Its length, for one thing, is against it. With "waits" between the acts, it extends over four hours. This is a great deal longer than an English audience cares to sit in a theatre, especially when there is so much in the dialogue and action that could be cut out without loss to dramatic or poetic qualities of the play; and then it is all Coquelin, who in turn is "all nose and sword." A curiously lop-sided play—a one-character play in five acts—Cyrano de Bergerac gives scope for all that is most taking in Coquelin's method; and one can well understand the great comedian's thinking it the finest dramatic work of the century. Given, in the leading part, an actor of Coquelin's commanding influence, this lop-sidedness necessarily makes for a long run and for much temporary popularity. It does not conclusively prove M. Rostand's title to take his place among the immortals, to which so many of his enthusiastic critics have already promoted him.

THEN, unquestionably, the play came forward at a lucky moment. The brutalities of the realistic drama, and the obscurities of the still more offensive *études psychologiques* of the younger school, had somewhat dulled the interest of the French public in the stage, when lo! there appeared "Cyrano de Bergerac," inflated with romance, genuinely poetic, and breathing the true Gallic spirit of chivalry and heroism. It was a grateful change, but one appealing rather to the French than to the English or the cosmopolitan public. After all, the enthusiasm awakened at the Porte St. Martin by M. Rostand's play has been less than that recorded in connexion with the famous first nights of Victor Hugo, who is already declared to be *vieux jeu*, and it has had its origin, to a great extent, in similar conditions; it marks a reaction in public taste in favour of the romantic. We ourselves have yearnings for the romantic partly gratified by such plays as "The Prisoner of Zenda," and "A Marriage of Convenience," but it is hard for the English public to be electrified by a piece so exclusively Gallic in spirit as "Cyrano de Bergerac." What must ensure the success of M. Rostand's work before any audience is its fine dramatic point, its perpetual swing and movement. If he has still to prove himself a Victor Hugo, the author is unquestionably a born dramatist.

THIS is shown by the vigour which he imparts to a story far from strong or plausible in itself. Cyrano possesses every manly quality of his period; he is a swash-buckler of the first order, and in addition

poet and *homme d'esprit*. Unfortunately he is handicapped by a nose of prodigious size and length—Coquelin represents it as hugely bulbous and Bardolphian—which men mock at as far as they dare, for Cyrano is ever ready to avenge any insult on this score, and which, worse luck, shuts out its owner from the lists of love. Women will have nothing to say to a man with a nose of such proportions. All that Cyrano can win from them is their applause for his deeds of prowess, of which, to be sure, the author is sufficiently lavish. Yet Cyrano loves. He cherishes a secret and hopeless passion for Roxane. Judge of his elation, then, when this lady discreetly asks him for an interview.

Alas! another disappointment is in store for the man with the nose. Roxane merely seeks his powerful protection for a young soldier named Christian, whose handsome exterior has caught her fancy, but who is a fool; and the misunderstood hero sorrowfully resigns himself to the act of self-sacrifice demanded of him. Not only does Cyrano take Christian under his wing; he writes his love letters and his poetic declarations for him, for Roxane is a "*précieuse*" who loves a pretty wit in her admirers. So far as writing goes, the dull-witted Christian gets on very well. It is in her personal interviews with her lover that Roxane stands in danger of a disillusioning, but even here Cyrano comes to the rescue of his stupid *protégé*. Under the fair one's balcony by night he prompts Christian with sweet nothings to whisper to his *inamorata*. Finally, warming to his work, he takes up the tale himself, and imitating the young dolt's voice, pours out to Roxane all the love and passion of his heart.

FROM the common sense point of view no situation could be more absurd; yet, thanks to the poetic glamour thrown around it, it produces a charming and romantic effect. Already the spectator guesses how the play will end, but the author pushes the romance of the story as far as it will legitimately go, and beyond. Christian and Roxane are wed. After which we are plunged into the midst of a campaign. From Roxane's lips Christian has learnt that what induced her to marry him was his borrowed wit and poetic fancy, and he cannot bear this idea—an unexpected delicacy of sentiment on this young man's part. Accordingly he allows himself to be killed. But even then Cyrano does not come into his own. Fourteen years elapse, and it is only when he is old, poor, and at the point of death that Roxane learns the truth. Chivalrous to the last is this strange hero, or, more properly, perhaps, quixotic. Coquelin gives him a wonderful death scene. As the French critics put it, "il fait sa Sarah," with a prolonged agony and delirium. This is showy and catchy, but in that respect it is only in keeping with the play, which is a wonderfully animated picture of seventeenth century life. The dialogue abounds in witty lines, spirited passages, and brilliant tirades, all of which, however, come within the scheme of the piece and betray the author as *un homme de théâtre*.

An example will prove the dramatic quality of M. Rostand's talent. Having saved a starveling poet from a thrashing at the hands of a dozen bravos, Cyrano is called upon by a group of his fellow Gascons—for he is of the same *trempe* as D'Artagnan—to relate the adventure. There seems little opportunity here for anything beyond an ordinary descriptive passage, lying *outside* the author's dramatic scheme. But note how the author's dramatic sense asserts itself! The Gascons are seated around, expectant; Christian stands apart with a scoffing expression, for he and Cyrano are still strangers. The latter has hardly begun his narrative when Christian interposes a slighting remark about the speaker's nose. Instantly the Gascons are afoot, knowing how Cyrano is accustomed to treat such impertinences; Cyrano himself makes a step forward as if to chastise the insulter, but recognising Roxane's *protégé*, he checks himself, and proceeds with his story as if nothing had happened. When this is finished, "Leave me alone with this man," cries Cyrano to his fellow Gascons, who all depart wondering what terrible thing is going to happen; whereupon the redoubtable fire-eater addresses himself to Christian with the words: "Come to my arms, brother." Many passages of the like nature could be cited, all admirably *mouvements*.

FOR Coquelin, almost equally with the author, the play is a triumph, but he is not uniformly impressive in all phases of the character. He is more successful as the swashbuckler than as the chivalrous exponent of a life-long, hopeless love. This side of Cyrano's character is, indeed, difficult to realise, and it may be that it is a little too "stagy" to be true. The company surrounding Coquelin is adequate, and best fulfils its function, no doubt, by allowing the spectator's mind to dwell without reserve upon the central figure in the play.

J. F. N.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. GLADSTONE AS CRITIC.

SIR,—As you have published some opinions of the late Mr. Gladstone on books sent him by their authors, it may be of interest to your readers to note a curious slip. It will also show how little is really known of the Book of Common Prayer.

Last year I printed a small edition of *The Story of the Prayer-Book*, and sent Mr. Gladstone a copy, though I did not ask him for his opinion, knowing how busy he was. But he kindly sent me a post-card, saying:

"I think that works of the class you name should have great utility, and your own appears to have been executed with great pains. I would, however, observe that at the close there is a list containing some doctrinal definitions—Are these necessary? I refer to definitions touching the Holy Eucharist."

As the definitions were dictionary ones, I asked for further suggestions; for, in a work dealing with the history of the Prayer-Book,

it had occurred to me that Transubstantiation, Consubstantiation, Real Presence, &c., should be made clear to readers. Mr. Gladstone, on another post-card, made this curious reply:

"If I am asked for suggestions, I confess I do not see what place the definitions legitimately find in a work like yours, or why it is necessary to go beyond the language of the Prayer-Book, which says nothing of Transubstantiation or Consubstantiation, and gives its own account of the Real Presence. If you quote anything, why not quote the grand words of Queen Elizabeth?

'Christ was the Word that spake it;
He took the bread and brake it;
And what His Word did make it,
Such I receive and take it.'

I did not like to trouble the aged and pain-worn statesman further; but is it not strange that he should have said: "The Prayer-Book says nothing about Transubstantiation," when the Twenty-eighth Article actually refers to it? And if "the Prayer-Book gives its own account of the Real Presence" (see the Rubrics at end of the Communion Service), how is it there is so much diversity of opinion about it?—I am, &c.,

W. A. LEONARD.

Bristol: July 2.

HAMLET AND MONTAIGNE.

SIR,—The reviewer of Mr. Lowndes's work, in your last number, has succeeded in giving a new interpretation of Hamlet's character, notwithstanding the profuse literature and the diverse explanations previously existing. There is no ground for disputing the position that Shakespeare was acquainted with Montaigne's *Essays*. Gonzalo's description of his Utopia in "The Tempest" has been commonly referred to Florio's translation of 1603, but, before this date, Shakespeare may very well have read more or less of the original French. And there is no need for denying that, among the divers influences to be recognised in "Hamlet," that of Montaigne is discernible. Nor, for our present purpose, is it necessary to inquire into the measure of credence which should be given to the Essayist's portrayal of his own character, as "flinging reason to the wind," "cursed with a disabling irresolution," "following the lead of circumstances and chance," &c. But we may reasonably hesitate when it is said that, apart from "many subordinate details," this is "a perfect description of Hamlet," "the whole conception."

Dr. Johnson made an approach to what has long appeared to me the truth concerning Hamlet's character and conduct, when he spoke of him as "rather an instrument than an agent." Charles Knight made a further advance in saying "that Hamlet is propelled rather than propelling." "There is something altogether indefinable and mysterious in the poet's delineation of this character." The play "awakes not only thoughts of the grand and beautiful, but of the incomprehensible." Hamlet's seeming indecision shows but one side of his character, "the surface-current," to use an expression of your contributor's. Without denying that Hamlet's natural temperament

was suitably chosen, it must still be maintained that the true and efficient causes of his conduct lay far deeper. These must be sought in his relation to the unseen and incomprehensible. He has within him a "prophetic soul" (*cf. Act i. sc. 5*) which forebodes the fatal result of the fencing-match with Laertes. But he refuses to decline the challenge (*Act v. sc. 2*), knowing that, if the predestined time for his death has come, any attempt to avoid the stroke of destiny will be fruitless and vain. "There's a predestinate providence in the fall of a sparrow" (*Q. 1*). There are pretty clear indications that, except at the time predestined for action, Hamlet's hand is restrained by an invisible power. Why he does not act is a mystery to himself; he has "cause, and will, and strength, and means, to do it." (*Act iv. sc. 4*.) But when, at all hazards, he persists in following his father's ghost, the restraint is removed, and "his fate cries out." Similarly, when he leaves his cabin in the dark to seize the "grand commission" of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, there had been in his heart "a kind of fighting which would not let him sleep," and to the enterprise "was heaven ordain'd" (*Act v. sc. 2*).

I must not now pursue this matter further. What I have said may suffice to show that your contributor's explanation, whatever its merit, has relation only to the "surface-current" of Hamlet's conduct.—I am, &c.,

THOMAS TYLER.

London: July 4.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"Helbeck of Bannisdale." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Smith, Elder.) In their reception of Mrs. Ward's new book the critics, for the most part, have shown no striking divergence of judgment. The central motive—the mutual attraction of a fervent Catholic and a bright, attractive pagan girl, and their fruitless efforts in one way or the other to find a common ground—is by this time generally known. The following comes from the *Times*:

"With little distraction we watch the two strong natures walking with swift steps towards the tragic close of their troubled love. Not for the first time has the story of such a conflict been told. It is an ancient form of strife. Never, probably, was it more common than it is to-day, and not often has it been told more worthily than in *Helbeck of Bannisdale*. Fine luminous phrases, fraught with delicate significances, permit us to understand the atmosphere in which the two chief actors move. . . . More than once the story drags, we are inclined to think, because analysis is heaped on analysis, and more than once, too, there is a tortuous intricacy in the train of reflections hard to reconcile with the passions which stirred both natures. The end, we are tempted to believe, might have been different—less pitiable, less cruel. . . . But the story, nevertheless, is the story of a great passion worthily told."

In the columns of the *Daily Telegraph* Mr. Courtney describes the story as

"a long, uncertain and ceaseless strife between the competing claims of an old faith and a new humanity. It is one of the best written of her novels, replete with passages of powerful and subtle analysis, as well as brilliant and

picturesque glimpses of Westmoreland scenery. . . . It is nothing more nor less than a soul problem, and such things are not always popular in our hurrying age. But to those who care for the primary elements out of which human character is composed it raises in a new form one of the oldest of questions, which no one has ever yet been able to answer. Which is the stronger force of those two overpowering influences over the human personality, religion or love? Which of the two, in the case of conflict, ought to prevail? . . . It is of the very essence of art to reveal to us these obscure and terrible antagonisms which have so often rent men's lives in twain. Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel is the latest, and by no means the least unworthy [sic] contribution to the discussion of problems out of which are wrought the most sombre and desolating tragedies of life."

The *Chronicle*, in a languid mood, finds the "colossal conscientiousness" of the author a trifle fatiguing:

"More than once we felt ourselves inwardly pleading for a slight relaxation of the tensity; a little irrelevance would have been a pleasant alleviation, we felt; but Mrs. Ward is never irrelevant. Every smallest incident has a direct bearing upon the main idea, and, as a result, we close the book with a sensation of some weariness. Throughout there is an utter lack of humour; the characters are real enough, the dialogue is natural and often interesting, the landscape painting is most excellent and most careful; but this absence of humour leaves us with the impression that we have been reading, not a novel, but a serious essay illustrated with characterisation and with occasional dramatic scenes. For there is always humour in life for those who have eyes to see."

The *Daily News* makes a like complaint, with less insistence, in the course of this tribute:

"The crisis of that long mental struggle has the inevitableness that belongs to the action of characters depicted with the imaginative insight that is a quality of genius. This quality is discernible in the characterisation throughout. The book lacks humour, to relieve the seriousness of its theme, but Mrs. Ward's touch has gained in lightness, in swiftness, and spontaneity of effect, and there is charm and grace, as well as force, in the impression the story leaves upon the mind. The descriptive passages abound in beauty."

And the *Daily Mail* flippantly says: "Mrs. Humphry Ward is nothing if not a centre of gravity"; while the *Scotsman* on the other hand finds "touches of humour that are delightful."

Some differences of opinion as to the drawing of Laura are manifest. For instance, the *Pall Mall*, having expressed a doubt whether Mrs. Ward is not apt to over-rate the force of merely physical attractions, goes on fastidiously to lay down:

"In matters of this kind artistic value requires some balance of character. There is none here. Helbeck had many fine and noble qualities; Laura Fountain was merely contemptible, and we confess that for most of the book we were wholly uninterested in her. She was rude to Helbeck, who was her host, and a kind and considerate one, about his religion; and, the other people observing the fast of Lent, she went so far as to commit the outrageous indelicacy of insisting on fasting also, as an amusing experiment. She wrote letters to a friend, abusing him and his customs. She insisted on frequenting some cousins of her

father, farmers of the lower class, bigoted anti-Catholics, who regaled her with ridiculous tirades against her host and his 'popery,' and she carried on a vulgar 'flirtation' with one of them, a young tippling boor, meeting him by night in Helbeck's park, after he had insulted Helbeck in her presence. Really an almost nauseating young woman."

The *Westminster* winds up a long article as follows:

"*Helbeck of Bannisdale* is in some ways an advance upon Mrs. Ward's other novels. It is simpler, and written apparently with less effort. There are touches of the human, and even of the humorous, that give it vitality. On the other hand, there is still a little more detail than the subject will carry, for when Mrs. Ward is dealing with a subject, in this case Roman Catholicism, she feels a kind of duty to exhaust it, and to explore it in all conceivable aspects. That is necessarily to increase the difficulties of character-drawing, for the characters have to do what the subject demands instead of the subject being developed out of the actions of the characters. Mrs. Ward's novels are not so much novels with a purpose as novels with a subject."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, July 7.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF ST. HUGH OF LINCOLN. Translated from the French Carthusian Life and Edited, with Large Additions, by Herbert Thurston, S.J. Burns & Oates, Ltd. 10s. 6d.

A QUAKER OF THE OLDE TIME: BEING A MEMOIR OF JOHN ROBERTS BY HIS SON DANIEL ROBERTS. Edited by Edmund T. Lawrence, with Prefatory Letter by Oliver Wendell Holmes. Headley Brothers.

PERSONAL FORCES OF THE PERIOD. By T. H. S. Escott. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.

THE ENGLISH PEOPLE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY: A SHORT HISTORY. By the Rev. H. de B. Gibbons D. Litt. A. & C. Black.

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC: A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS. By Edmond Rostand. Translated from the French by Gladys Thomas and Mary F. Guillemard. Wm. Heinemann. 5s.

POETICAL STORIES. By Staunton Brodie. Digby, Long & Co. 3s. 6d.

DULCISSIMA! DILECTISSIMA! A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF AN ANTIQUARY, WITH SOME OTHER SUBJECTS IN PROSE AND VERSE. By Robert Ferguson, F.S.A. Elliot Stock.

NOCTURNES, AND OTHER POEMS. By Rev. W. Moore. Elliot Stock.

TERRA TENEBRARUM: LOVE'S JEST BOOK, AND OTHER VERSES. Kegan Paul.

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POEMS, 1894-98. By Mrs. Longstaff. Edward Stanford.

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